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A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

In a country place not far from here,
An incident happened within a year
To some young *fairs;*
It seems to be my lot to tell
What to these damsels did befell—
That evening.

The hour arrived when folks retire
From social chat and evening fire,
To take a night's repose;
A moment passed, we heard a screach,
'Twas in a place we could not reach—
Their room!

It chanced that where these maidens slept,
Six mice had under shelter crept
To 'scape the winter's cold!
Like other girls, they jumped in bed,
And 'neath the covers went each head,
For sleep.

But, ah! for them no sleep was found;
As one began to feel around,
She cried, "what's here?"
Quick off the bed clothes they did fling,
And out of bed they made a spring
Upon the floor.

Then they with lighted lamps surveyed,
And soon the great discovery made,
Of six small mice!
These "fair ones," ready for a plot,
In each one's tail they tied a knot,
For sport.

The mice around the room did run,
Hunting for holes, but finding none
They could get through;
At last the door was opened wide,
The mice ran out, behind them tied—
These knots.

A STEEPLE CHASE IN IRELAND;

OR,

LOVE, LUCK, AND HORSEMANSHIP.

BY ONE OF THE JOCKIES.

It was the first week in July, when, having taken the honors of a graduate, after a five years sojourn within the classical courts of old Alma Mater, I strolled into the repository in Stephen's Green, to bid adieu to old H——, who for thirty years had horsed us of Trinity. It was a sale-day, and a blank one too; the world was out of town. There were few to sell, and fewer yet to buy. A hack not worth a hay-band, was knocked down to an aspiring linen-draper, who wanted "something smart" whereon to dust himself occasionally. I saw him regularly jockeyed with infinite satisfaction, as he had once dunned me, even unto payment, for "a beggarly account" of gloves and pocket handkerchiefs. Although he did not venture to invite me to be of the multitude of his counsellors, as I had broken his windows upon the evening I had paid his bill, that did not prevent me from pointing out certain beauties in the quadruped then beneath the hammer, which even had escaped the auctioneer himself. Indeed, according to my showing, the cardinal virtues of horse-flesh were concentrated in that matchless animal. Yet human judgment is fallible, and the steed did not realize the qualifications ascribed to him by the puffer and myself; for, as the *Evening Post* soon afterwards announced, Mr. Lawrence Lutestring was run away with upon the rocky road, and the excited courser, not content with demolishing sundry ribs of the unfortunate cavalier, had, from an infirmity of vision, come in contact with a loaded jaunting-car, and the concussion was so awful, that the company were deposited in a wet ditch, and the vehicle rendered *hors du combat.*

I was about to leave the yard, when old Phil, prime-minister to the repository, jogged me on the elbow. "Stop a minute—it's worth while, sir. There's a queer one coming out—he's the devil, to be sure. Och, if he had but temper; but here he is." While he spoke, a rattling high-bred dark bay horse issued from the stables. He was in the lowest condition imaginable; but, notwithstanding his poverty, he was the ruin of a noble animal—he was far from being handsome; the head was coarse, the shoulder thick; but he embodied some good points, and, though cross-made, to an experienced eye his "ensemble" was excellent. Archy, my best man—as honest a groom as ever won a living, whispered, "if he had not the *go* in him, he was the biggest villain under the canopy," and before the animal had made the third turn down the run, I had come to a similar conclusion.

The groom stopped when he had gained the vantage ground. "There, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "there's what I call youth and beauty; there's the maker of a fortune, and no mistake. The lady who could refuse any thing to a man with such a daisy cutter under him, would be hard to please indeed—run him down, Lanty—that's action and elegance—come, sir," to a tall, raw-boned young grocer—"that horse was foaled for you—a gentleman of your figure should never cross any thing but blood—this here horse is young Selim; he's own brother to Mouse-catcher; cousin to Morgiana, and up to fourteen stone with any fox-hounds in the kingdom"—but Selim appeared likely to profit little by his respectable relationship; he had a *ree* look, a blemished knee, was fired behind, and had killed a man into the bargain; for he had run off with a drunken helper, and broke the rider's neck against the frame-work of the stable-door. Now, in company of sober cits, requiring "steady roadsters," and "useful family horses," Selim found little favor; and the young grocer, even to become a lady-killer, would not bid a sixpence.

"Gentlemen, I put him up at *fifty,*" said he of the hammer—"no reserve in this case—none, upon honor—owner gone to the Peninsula, and orders for sale absolute. Selim is a beautiful charger; steady with arms," and here he addressed a corpulent personage, who, as it appeared, was in the yeomanry; "he would carry you upon parade delightfully; his courage is only equalled by his training; his late master would ride him to a battery." A *battery*—may heaven forgive him! Selim had never seen a corporal's guard relieved in his life; a cracker would raise him sky-high, and a squib send him across the broadest part of Sackville street. Still, not a whisper from the company, and the auctioneer proceeded—"gentlemen, we must sacrifice him—orders peremptory, say *forty* for the beautiful and gentle animal;" "gentle," ejaculated the grocer, "and that after killing a groom." This was indeed a home hit—the auctioneer coughed—"hem—hem—rather unfortunate, but mere accident after all—say *thirty,* gentlemen—twenty—ten—do give me a bid." "Five," roared a jingle owner—"*ten,*" said Archy—"*fifteen*" shouted the puffer—"*twenty*" cried I—the hammer fell—and the brother of Mouse-catcher was mine.

Now, I verily believe that the whole history of Selim was apocryphal, except the solitary fact of his having finished a stable-boy. In one thing, however, Archy and I were unanimous—that to a herring-cadger he was worth the money, provided he would carry the baskets. We brought him to the country—bled, fed, blistered, and physicked him, "*secundum artem,*" turned him out upon a fine salt marsh, and left him "to fulfil his destinies."

At this memorable period of my life, the north of Ireland was celebrated for its sporting associations. The Boyne, the Deagh, the Newtonbreda hunts, were all in full force; and few of the larger towns wanted their own particular club. Many private gentlemen were also masters of hounds, and kept their establishments nobly. Then the glory of "The Rangers" was in its zenith—their country and members were alike extensive; and no gentleman attached to field sports within thirty miles, whose rank and fortune would authorize his admission, but was enrolled in this celebrated club. The members met annually in the county town, attended by a pack of fox hounds, and "a gallant following." They lived like "Irish kings," played high, drank deep, seldom went to bed, gave dashing balls, and set the country in a blaze weeks before, and months afterwards. Alas! all this is over; the club is no more; the pack is scattered; the kennel a ruin; "The Rangers fill the narrow house;" and where in Ireland could rank, and wealth, and influence be congregated now?

Into "The Rangers" I had been recently admitted; their meeting was fixed for the middle of October, and the cup, with other valuable plates, were then to be contested. The cup had excited unusual interest, and had been challenged by a dozen members, good man and true, and each having, or believing he had, an excellent chance of winning it. The race was three miles, over *Hibernice* a sporting, *Anglice* a break-neck, country—the weights thirteen stone. There were already eight candidates in full preparation. Six depended on their own horses—good, fat, honest weight-carriers—but two had gone to considerable expense, and had secured at "a large figure," celebrated racing-hunters "for the nonce."

"What will not young ambition?" In spite of this mighty array, I boldly added my name to the list of challengers. I had a slashing four-year-old-mare, whose stride and action were extraordinary. As there was no allowance for age or sex, the weights were certainly against her; but I was not the one to despair, and even to name her in the match was an honor more than worth the entrance-money.

August came; Miranda was in beautiful condition; and Archy exhausted upon her training all the arcana of the racing stable, and the experience of a life; while I dreamed of nothing but cups and conquest. Alas! these youthful visions were rudely dispelled, for, one morning, Miranda was found halter-cast in the stable. She was dead lame, and lame she continued for many a month afterward. To me and my master of the horse this was a sad disappointment. I took myself to grouse shooting, and Archy to whisky and religion. Poor Archy, in the hours of business, was an indifferent Catholic, as the priest declared that from the moment a horse was put in training, he never "darkened a church door."

August passed, and I would have willingly continued absent. To witness the downfall of my ambition was painful, as Miranda was incurably lame. Other feelings were paramount; I was deep in love, and at twenty-one that is a desperate concern.

Rosa lived near me. I would have forgotten her, but that was impossible. She was an heiress, gentle, and timid to a degree, and fearful of hearing she was beloved. Yet there were times when, if my advances were not encouraged, at least my suit was listened to, and an ill-concealed satisfaction told that she was not indifferent to my suit. Her coldness piqued me for the moment, and yet I left her, persuaded that of all her sex she was best worthy of being wooed and won.

I arrived home for a late dinner, discussed some old port, listened to a long story, and was musing over the misfortune of my mare, when Archy popped in his head to ask "if I would look into the stables." I followed him, and one glance told me that Miranda was not to figure in the field. My eyes passed over the stalls, and rested on a stranger in the corner, sheeted with my own covers. Archy, with a knowing look, stripped the new comer, and the brother of Mouse Catcher was before me; and could this be he? The rakish, tattered, rejected man-killer of the Repository, changed into as fine a horse as ever followed a fox-hound! The mystery was quickly solved—Archy had visited the salt marsh—found Selim so altered as scarcely to be recognized; took him up and got him through physic, and ready for training. For this, indeed, there was but little time; but Archy swore "slight training was best for a half-breed," and Archy was right.

For my own part, I could scarcely believe my eyes, and examined Selim carefully, to assure myself of his identity. Every scratch upon his legs had disappeared; the blemish on his knee was hardly visible; he was now a sporting looking horse, and Archy swore, "better than he looked."

Time flew, and every thing increased my confidence in the cousin of Morgiana. His speed was easily ascertained, but of his fencing qualities we knew nothing. Anything we took him at he executed well, and intricate leaps were, for obvious reasons, avoided. I had secured a gentleman to ride for me, who in steeple-chasing had covered himself with glory, and, with a reasonable hope of success, waited the result.

And yet I never caused my competitors a thought. With the lameness of Miranda, it had pleased them to conclude my racing history. They heard, accidentally, that I had purchased a horse in town, and all they knew of him was, that he had killed a man, and been bought for a song. With this information they rested satisfied, and decided that myself and man-killer were of "no consideration." I kept my own counsel, and when it was necessary to remove to the vicinity of the race-ground, I procured accommodation for my establishment at an obscure farm-house, and our incognito was as perfect as if we had never left our stables.

But there was one to whom my proceedings were not indifferent, and that one was my gentle Rosa. With all a woman's tenderness, she had sympathized in my disappointment; she knew my secret, for ours were young hearts, and what agitated one breast could not but interest the other.

The evening before the eventful day, I stole from the club-room to exchange the jargon of the field for a tete-a-tete with my pretty mistress. "Hot with the Tuscan grape," I urged my passion with more than common ardor, and Rosa listened. Just then her maid disturbed us, and brought me a letter that had been forwarded by express. I broke the seal—death to my hopes! My rider had been thrown from a coach-box, and lay, with a broken arm, at a country inn, some ten miles distant.

Rosa remarked my agitation.

"Is there anything wrong, Arthur?"

"Yes, dearest, I am indeed a luckless cavalier; K—— has met with an accident, and Selim is consequently without a rider."

"And will he not run, then?"

Half a minute determines, frequently, as well as the consideration of half a year, and in that brief space I had formed my resolution.

"*He will run,* Rosa; but with me upon his back, what chance can he have with the best riders in the kingdom opposed?"

"But the danger, *dear* Arthur?"

"Is not greater than fox-hunters encounter thrice a week."

"And is there really no more?"

I assured her there was not, and shortly afterwards bade her good night. This trifling occurrence elicited more from Rosa than all my studied efforts; and when I left her, for the first time I pressed her to my bosom, and heard her murmur a prayer for my safety.

Whether it was that unforseen events call forth the latent energies of the mind, or the consciousness that I was beloved by her for whom I would sacrifice a world, that roused the ardor of my spirit, I knew not, but I entered the crowded club-room with buoyant and and excited feelings. The accident to my rider had transpired, and from some I received sincere, from others ironical condolence.

"I hope, notwithstanding, that the *homicide* will run," said the president.

"The *homicide,* as you are pleased to term him, will run; and, for want of a better horseman, his owner will ride, and win—if he can."

My tone and manner were not unmarked; and while some were recommending me to effect a life insurance, I was coolly booking heavy odds, and so continued till every gentleman inclined to bet them had been heartily satisfied. The joking at my expense subsided fast—people began to look suspiciously, and Jemmy Joyce whispered his next neighbor, that the sooner he hedged the better, as the race was not quite so sure, I being, according to his parlance, "very like a lad who would make a spoon or spoil a horn." Having balanced my book, I borrowed an old blue jacket from the huntsman, left the club, visited the stable, and went quietly to rest, to be ready for the morrow.

Morning came, and I felt rather queer; I began to discover that it is no joke for nervous gentlemen to ride steeple-chases for the first time, under the critical examination of thirty thousand spectators, but an incident restored my *hardiesse.* At breakfast, a sealed parcel was handed me by the waiter; it contained a beautiful pink and yellow jacket. No note accompanied it, but to the cap a scroll was attached, bearing, in a female hand, the motto, "*May this be foremost!*" Whose might the fairy favor be? My heart whispered the name, and I was not mistaken.

The ground selected for the race was chosen with excellent judgment, as it afforded to the mighty multitude an uninterrupted view of the race, from its commencement to its close; from a circular valley the surface undulated gently, and the course, nearly eliptical, stretched across the rising ground. In the same field the starting and winning posts were placed. This was the favorite stand; a long line of carriages of every description occupied it. Ladies were there "thick as leaves in Vall'ambrosa," for everything *distingue* and beautiful for counties round was on the ground.

At twelve o'clock a warning bugle was heard, and from their respective cantonments the horses slowly approached the same point. Each, as he entered the field, was scrutinized by a crowd of horsemen, who were assembled for that purpose at the gate. With short intervals, a grey, a brown, and two bays passed in review; they had their respective admirers, but caused no great sensation, and expectation "was still on tiptoe;" presently a buzz was heard; a horse appeared, and Firebrand, a noted racing hunter from Roscommon, appeared. He looked to be in capital condition, and from having won four cups already, his character was deservedly first-rate.

"But louder yet the clamor grew," as the pet of the day, the far-famed English horse, Comet, appeared. He was a splendid, thorough-bred chestnut, full sixteen hands high, and looking every inch a racer. I felt my cheek blanch as I examined him; he was indeed a formidable opponent; and as his late owner, Captain M——, reputed justly to be the best field horseman in the kingdom, was to ride him, no wonder that I began to dread the contest.

He was led off, and my forlorn charger was impatiently expected. In the few minutes which elapsed before his entree, I and my *man-killer* were subjected to many a sporting jest; at length the brother of Mouse-catcher appeared, and on he came with a careless toss of the head, as if he had never finished a stable-boy; closely sheeted as he was, his appearance was very different from what had been anticipated; the knowing ones looked more knowing; and Jemmy Joyce exclaimed with a grin that he seemed "mighty like a tartar!"

While the horses were leading to the starting-post, I galloped up the hill to the place my pretty mistress occupied in an open carriage. "Tell me, pray you," said her cousin, "what spell is over Rosa? Know you the secret that robs her of her roses?" "Shall I restore them?" I replied, and unclosing my top-coat, displayed my handsome jacket. When it met her eyes, her cheeks were dyed with blushes, and left me at no loss to conjecture whence my fancy favor came.

Again the bugle sounded; Comet and Firebrand occupied the attention of the crowd, while Selim was stripped and saddled behind a large marquee; to assume my gay cap and doff my coat was the business of a minute; my competitors were already mounted, and I was impatiently called for, when from behind the tent a dashing horse and gallant rider issued. Our appearance excited a murmur of applause; the owners of Comet and Firebrand looked blank enough; and faith they had good reason.

As we drew up in line, I thought the English racer appeared not to be in full force; but the determined countenance of the inimitable jockey, dressed in his black and buff stripes, looked alarming; nor was Firebrand without his friends; and the *green cap* was offered fully against every thing but Comet; as to me, people seemed afraid to back or bet against me; and those who had laid the odds last night pretty heavily, were hedging now as fast as they could meet with customers.

Off we went in a bunch, the bays, brown, and gray making the running. I saw at once that the pace, though severe for them, was nothing to Comet, Firebrand, and my friend the *Man-killer.* After a mile we tailed them off, and had the race to ourselves.

One moiety of the ground was broken into tillage fields and enclosures; the other was open meadow, affording excellent galloping, and interspersed with stiff fences. Here, having cleared the paddocks, we increased the speed, and came on at a killing pace.

On entering the grass-lands, I found my rivals could not conveniently go faster, and that I was up to it well; the race was indeed beautiful; for the next mile a sheet would cover us; the fences were taken in line; and none could tell whether black, yellow, or green, was foremost.

Half a mile from home there was a fence of tremendous size; it was a ditch with a drain at either side, and the place that we approached was *stoccaded* with stumped thorns. It was, in truth a "regular rasper," and was distinguished by the country people *par excellence,* as the *big-leap;* as we neared it, my companions gathered the energies of their horses for the trial, and Selim looked as if he were half-inclined to decline it; and yet with a glorious effort he cleared this formidable barrier in a style that drew down from the multitude a thunder of applause: not so my rivals; Firebrand fell and staked himself; while Comet, by his rider's horsemanship, was indifferently brought across, but staggering, he came down on landing, and in the mistake, lost ground he could never recover; during the run home, he did make a wonderful struggle to pull up; it was in vain, for after we crossed the break-neck fence, I had the race hollow.

Amid deafening cheers, I was carried from the scales in triumph; I was declared, even by Jemmy Joyce, a youth of promise, and my *man-killer* the best weight-carrier in the kingdom.

Every tale has its moral, so has mine. Never condemn a horse untried; for many a good one has thus been sacrificed. I saved Selim from slavery and a jingle; and he won me four cups, and carried me four seasons, as I was never carried afterward: nay more, I owe my connubial happiness mainly to "my bonny bay." Rosa was an heiress, and I a younger son; a rich rival was encouraged by her guardian, and in a few days he was expected to make his addresses in form. I was flushed with victory, and she flattered to see her fairy favorite *foremost* in the field. At the ball that night, my eloquence was irresistible; she smiled upon my suit; and, to end uncertainty, and save her guardian future trouble, eloped with me to Gretna the next morning.

Years of happiness have proved how fortunate our union was; and if some reminiscences of early indiscretion will sometimes intrude upon my memory, on two eras I can look back with unalloyed delight—the morning when I rode my first steeple-chase, and the evening that made Rosa mine.

A CHAPTER ON ANGLING.

THE PIKE.

"All these are *certes* entertaining facts."

Every true fisherman wishes to know something of the history, habits, and characteristics of his sport. Every fact, however trifling, is welcomed by him as a valuable addition to his stock of knowledge, and in this way, he goes on acquiring information, which, at some time or another, is sure to be of use. "Be, or try to be a naturalist; if not for its own sake, do it for the sake of your sport. It will enhance its pleasure tenfold, besides adding to your success. If you knew but a little more of the habits and nature of the fish you seek, depend upon it you would not return home so frequently with an empty creel. There are influences at work in animated nature which you should seek to investigate; and there are many circumstances which at times combine to render futile the efforts of even the most experienced angler. These phenomena are not yet explained, and you should endeavor to trace the causes."

The pike is a most interesting fish, and worthy of the careful study of all who seek for him; and, by way of stimulating our readers, we devote this article to a general summary of *his* history and habits.

Jack are common to nearly all the large lakes of Europe, and are found in great abundance in the United States. We are informed that jack were introduced into England in the reign of Henry VIII., and for the especial gratification of the "merrie monarch." It is quite possible that the great Blue Beard was partial to this fish, but a very small fact upsets the theory of its introduction at this period—namely, that the jack is mentioned in the book of "St. Albans," printed in the year of grace, 1496.

Pike are called jack when under twenty-four inches in length. This distinction is not very generally followed; many anglers use the terms synonymously. The head of the pike is flattened, and the upper jaw broad; it is also shorter than the lower one, which is slightly turned up. The eyes are of a peculiar yellow, golden tinge, and the teeth, which are very small and sharp, are found not only in front in the upper jaw, but also on both sides of the lower. The body is long, and when in season, the back is rather square, of a greenish color, with bright yellow spots. The belly is white, and when in season the gills are of a very bright red. When out of season the fish presents a very peculiar appearance. They are poor and thin, with seemingly large heads. This is no doubt due to the comparative thinness and length of the body. The back becomes grey in hue, and the spots lose all their brilliancy. The colors of pike are said to be affected by the water in which they are found. It is true that in most instances the fish found in rivers are handsomer and brighter than those taken in stagnant ponds. Perhaps a difference of food has something to do with it also. Every angler knows that the hues of fish vary in many parts of the same stream. We have, in "whipping" a small river, taken trout of half-a-dozen different shades. It is an interesting subject, besides affecting the *gourmand,* who has a decided preference for pike taken out of rapid rivers. Piscator in Walton's "Compleat Angler," is made to express himself as follows:

"It is not to be doubted that some are bred by generation and some not, as namely of a weed called pickerell weed, unless learned Gesner be much mistaken, for he says, 'This weed and other glutinous matter, with the help of the sun's heat, in some particular months, and some ponds adapted for it by nature, do become pike. But, doubtless, divers pike are bred after this manner, or are brought into some ponds in some such other way as is past man's finding out, of which we have daily testimony."

These are strange opinions, but not stranger than some entertained in the present day, in which we boast of the march of intellect. Piscator was wise in his generation, but most wofully ignorant of natural phenomena. He informs us, on the authority of the aforesaid "learned" Gesner, that "the jaw-bones, and hearts, and galls of pikes are very medicinable for several diseases—to stop blood, to abate fevers, or to cure agues, to oppose or expel the infection of the plague, and to be many ways medicinable and useful for the good of man." The learned Gesner was evidently a poor leech.

Although the pike has the reputation of voracity, he is often a very dainty feeder. When his hunger is appeased, he will play with the bait, and at last blow it from him. But, as a general rule, everything comes alike to him, and goslings, young ducks, water rats, and kittens, besides every kind of fresh water fish, have been found in the belly of the pike. Their voracity is so great that well authenticated instances are on record of their having seized one another. We were just about to write swallowed one another, but as we do not wish to dim the glory of the famous Kilkenny cats, we have adhered to facts. In the "Natural History of Fish" we read—"The voracity of the pike is shown by a circumstance of no frequent occurrence in Sweden. Large perch often swallow the baited hooks of stationary night lines, and then enormous pike gorge the hooked perch in their turn. In this case, though the pike himself is seldom or never actually hooked, yet on the fisherman's drawing in his line, the perch sets so fast in the greedy throat of the finny tyrant, that he has been unable to get rid of it, and both are taken. O'Gorman gives some examples of the same ravenous appetite. One which he killed with a roach for a bait, had in his maw a trout of four pounds weight, evidently just taken; and another seized a trout of more than six pounds. But these examples yield to what he said he witnessed on Dromore. A large pike having been hooked and nearly exhausted, was suddenly seized in the water and carried to the bottom. Every effort was made for nearly half an hour to bring this enormous fish to shore, but to no purpose; at length, however, by making a noise with the oars and pulling at the line, the anglers succeeded. On getting up the pike which they had been playing, it was all torn as if by a large dog, but really, doubtless by another fish of the same species; and, as the pike so ill-treated weighed seventeen pounds, the rapacious fish that had held it so long must have been indeed a monster!" An account may be found in the "Salmonia" of Sir Humphrey Davy of a pike taking a bait with a flight of four hooks in his mouth, which he had just before broken from the line. There is a case on record of two lads who went to a pond to wash their hands, when a pike seized hold of the hand of one. He was drawn out of the water, but their agitation prevented them from keeping the fish on *terra firma.* The following is vouched for, and appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—"A large pike was caught in the river Onse which weighed twenty-eight pounds, and was sold to a gentleman for a guinea. The cook found in the fish a watch with a black ribbon and keys, maker's name, Cranfield, of Burnham. Upon inquiry, it was discovered that the watch had been sold to a gentleman's servant, who had unfortunately been drowned."

Pike grow to a large size much more rapidly in proportion than any other fish. At the end of the first year, we find them about eight inches long; in the second year twelve or fourteen; and in the third year from seventeen to twenty inches. In a pond that was fished but once in every five years we have seen pike taken of thirty pounds weight. In "Dodsley's Register" for 1765 mention is made of a pike weighing 170 pounds being taken in clearing out a pond.

No doubt pike live to a great age, but we cannot believe that they become patriarchs. We are assured that a pike has been kept until he was 180 years old.

"He who doubts all things, nothing can deny," sang the poet, but we must take all such statements *cum grano salis.* Some curious stories exist. Passon Maisoneuve, who wrote a "Manuel du Pecheur," gives the following fable. He quotes it on the authority of an eminent German writer:—"In 1497, a person caught, at Kaiseralauten, near Mannheim, a pike which was nineteen (!) feet long, and which weighed three hundred and fifty pounds (!!). His skeleton was preserved for a long time at Mannheim (where is it now?). He carried round his neck a ring of gilded brass, which could enlarge itself by springs, and which had been attached to him by order of the Emperor Frederick of Barbarossa two hundred and sixty seven years before" (!!!). The narrator moralizes—"What a tremendous quantity of animals more weak and foolish than himself he must have devoured in order to nourish his enormous bulk during so many years." We should think so.

EARLY SIGNS OF CONSUMPTION.

The only effective remedy for this fatal disease is a knowledge of the first symptoms of its approach, and the adoption of wise and prompt measures to eradicate its first germs. Dr. Hall says, in his admirable *Journal of Health*:—

A quick pulse and a short breath continuing for weeks together, are the great alarm bell of forming consumption. If these symptoms are attended with a gradual falling off in flesh in the course of months, there is no rational ground for doubt, although the hack of a cough may never have been heard. Under such circumstances, there ought not to be an hour's delay in taking competent medical advice.

The vast mass of consumptives die not far from the age of twenty-five: and this, in connection with another fact, that consumption is several years in running its course, suggests one of the most important practical conclusions yet announced, to wit—

In the large majority of cases, the seeds of consumption are sown between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one years, when the steadily excited pulse and the easily accelerated breathing may be readily detected by an intelligent and observing parent, and should be regarded as a knell of death if not arrested; and yet it is easily and uniformly done, for the spirometer will demonstrate the early danger, and the educated physician will be at no loss to mark out the remedy.

The quick pulse and short breath go together; rather "easily put out of breath" is the more common and appropriate expression. Ordinarily, persons breathe once while the pulse beats four times; this is an approximate average, a general result. A person in health breathes seventeen times a minute, and during that time the pulse numbers sixty-eight strokes. A person decidedly consumptive, breathes from twenty to twenty-four times in a minute, the pulse being proportionately rapid. A man whose pulse is among the nineties, with a breathing which corresponds, lasting for weeks, may with great uniformity be pronounced to have unmistaken consumption. And even here the permanent arrest of the disease is quite a probable thing, if men could only be induced to act wisely, promptly, and energetically.

But, unfortunately, such is not the case; nine out of ten are led away with the hope that it may be something else, that it is only bronchitis, and this is confirmed in their own judgment by two facts: they have no pain in the breast, and they triumphantly strike upon it with their whole force, as a demonstration of the soundness of the lungs; and this other feeling, equally fallacious, comes to their aid, the prominent trouble is a mere tickling at the bottom of the neck, at the little hollow there. They should remember that no bronchia is there; it is the windpipe, and it begins to divide into branches below that spot. That little hollow place is the telegraphic station, as well for the distinct lungs as the bronchia. The news comes from afar; that is the point of enunciation only. It is the news of mischief in the lungs, that something is there which requires removal, which is working harm, and may breed death; and it does breed death. That very tickling at the little hollow, exciting cough for months together, is the forerunner of consumption in perhaps, at a moderate calculation, four times out of five. If a person could be amused at such a serious symptom, the physician would be, at the very indifferent, unconcerned air, tone, and gesture with which the patient often announces his symptom. "Doctor, I have bronchitis, I believe; a trifling little tickling at the bottom of the throat here; I wish you would give me something to take it away. I am not sick at all; I feel as well as I ever did in my life, all except this kind of itching here." Upon a close cross-questioning, a large amount of undiscovered truth will be elicited, in almost every instance, of symptoms dated many months, and even years before. If then, a patient for himself, or for his child, has any apprehension of the disease, let the family physician be requested to notice the pulse with care and accuracy at different hours of the day, not within half an hour of active exercise, or within two hours after a regular meal, and if the invariable report be preternatural excitement, there is ground for alarm in proportion to the intensity of that excitement.

A FORTUNATE KISS.

The following pretty little story is narrated by Fredrika Bremer, who vouches for its truthfulness:

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a noble youth, with great love for studies, but without the means of pursuing them. He was poor, without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying to look at the future, which looked so grim to him. His good humor and excellent qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. One day he was standing on the square with some of them, prattling away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a young and elegant lady, who, at the side of an elder one, was slowly walking over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upsala, living in the city, and the elder lady was her governess. She was generally known for her goodness and gentleness of character, and looked at with admiration by all the students. As the young men stood gazing at her as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them suddenly exclaimed:

"Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth!"

The poor student, the hero of our story, who looked on that pure angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration—

"Well, I think I could have it!"

"What!" cried his friends in a chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?"

"Not at all," he answered, "but I think she would kiss me if I asked her."

"What! in this place before all our eyes?"

"In this place—before your eyes."

"Freely?"

"Freely!"

"Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!" exclaimed one of the party.

"And I!" and I!" exclaimed three or four others; for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and the bets ran high on so improbable an event. The challenge was made and received in less time than we take to tell it.

Our hero (my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain; I have my peculiar ideas for believing that he was rather plain, but singularly good looking at the same time) immediately walked up to the young lady and said:—

"Mine fraulein, my fortune is now in your hands."

She looked at him with astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related simply and truly what had just now passed between him and his comrades.

The young lady listened attentively, and at his ceasing to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness:

"If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish for me to refuse your request;" and publicly in the open square she kissed him.

Next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in that way, and whom she consented to kiss so.

He received him with a scrutinizing bow, but after an hour's conversation, was so pleased with him that he ordered him to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala.

Our young friend pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising student in the University.

Three years were now passed since the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second kiss to the daughter of the Governor.

He became, later, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, and as much respected for his acquirements as for his character. His works will endure while time lasts among the works of science; and from this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden, even at the present time, and whose wealth and high position in society are regarded as trifles in comparison with its goodness, and love.

An Irishman, on applying for relief, and being told to work for a living, replied:—

"If I had all the work in the world I couldn't do it."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUBSCRIBER.—The law says that any alien, being a free white person, and a minor, under the age of twenty-one years, and who shall have continued to reside in the United States three years, next preceding his arriving at the age of twenty-one years, and who shall have continued to reside therein to the time he may have made application to be admitted a citizen thereof, may, after he arrives at the age of twenty-one years, and after he shall have resided five years in the United States, including the three years of his minority, be admitted a citizen of the United States, without having made the declaration required in the first condition of the first section of the act, three years previous to this admission: provided, such alien shall make the declaration required therein at the time of his or her admission; and shall further declare, on oath, and prove to the satisfaction of the Court, that for three years next preceding, it has been a *bona fide* intention of such alien to become a citizen of the United States, and shall in all other respects comply with the laws in regard to naturalization.

W. H., New York.—Those *cartes de visite* which you have observed acknowledged by us from time to time, are sent for our own private album at our request, and of course could not be parted with under any consideration. You might by advertising and offering a good price, procure many of those you wish to secure. "The names and addresses" would be a too herculean task for us to undertake, much as we should be pleased to accommodate you.

PUNCH, N. Y.—To make a good claret punch, fill a large tumbler with small ice, add two tea-spoons full of powdered sugar, fill up with claret, place therein two or three strawberries or raspberries, a piece of pine apple, then "to be well shaken before taken." An addition of a little raspberry syrup does not make it less palatable to us. If you reside in our neighborhood you might send in a tray load the next hot day, so that we may prove your expertness.

U. CR., OF THE ROUGH.—Yours of June 12 to hand at London the 28th. If Jack S. and "Tyes" haven't done likewise, they'll get fits and a showing up in the *Hue and Cry*. There won't be time for another letter now though. His Royal Highness will reply before soon, when ye spirit moveth. Until then—keep your shirt on, old boy!

A SUBSCRIBER, Middletown, Ct.—"A, B, and C, are playing a three handed game of billiards; the one first scoring fifty points being out. A has made 40 points. B and C have made 49 each. A plays, and after making a carom, goes into the pocket. Does this put B and C both out, or only B, whose turn it is to play next?".....It puts both out.

MOHAWK, Detroit.—We can find no such statement as you attribute to us, in our issue of the 5th. If we had made it, the fault must have been in the parties concerned not keeping us properly "posted."

OLYMPIC, Boston.—The term "summer season," as applied to theatres in New York, has more relation to expediency than to any definite space of time. Perhaps it may generally be described as from the 15th of June to the 15th of August or September.

A. S., Bellville, N. Y.—1. We have not the list at hand. 2. At Newmarket, Eng., in October, 1857, Saunterer ran one mile, two furlongs, and seventy-three yards, in 2 min. 10 secs., which is at the rate of 1 min. 40⅘ secs. to the mile. 3. Send along the items.

B. P., Buffalo, N. Y.—Figg, the boxer of olden time, was champion in his day, and opened his theatre in Oxford Road, London, Eng., where the sword and single stick exercises were royally patronised, and occasionally fists, in 1719.

"WILLIAMSBURGH."—*Quoits.*—You say "J. bets E. that a ringer invariably counts two, and insists that it beats any toucher;" to which we reply, 1. A ringer does not invariably count two; and, 2. A toucher beats any ringer.

MILL BOY, Wilmington, Del.—Heenan and Hyer never fought as antagonists. They have had words together, and, for a long time were not on friendly terms.

D. M. B., Cincinnati.—Morrissey bet Heenan $200 that the latter would not make a match to fight Sayers. Of course, Heenan won.

BUCKEYE, Cincinnati.—You are misinformed, so we are informed.

DICK, Toronto.—The referee having given his decision, there can be no appeal therefrom, and A is entitled to the money.

W. H., New York.—Your queries relate to private matters, with which it is not our province to interfere.

W. L. C., Washington.—The amount of your indebtedness to us is "nix."

SOLDIER OF FORT DELAWARE.—The three kings and two sixes won.

G. S. H., Boston.—Enclose one dollar to J. D. R. Putman, Herald Office, N. Y., for one of his manuals.

E. L. G., Hudson, N. Y.—We have already published an account of the regatta. We thank you nevertheless.

T. B.—Until the census report is published, we cannot give you the exact population of the places named.

INQUIRER, Boston.—Ben De Bar, of the St. Louis Theatre, also managed the St. Charles, New Orleans.

R. W., St. Louis.—Morrissey and Sullivan fought according to the regular rules of the London Prize Ring.

S. W., Baltimore.—J. Y. Mason was Secretary of the Navy, under President Tyler's administration.

C. C.—Trustee, the sire of Fashion, died at Morrisania, N. Y., in the latter part of 1856.

T., Binghamton.—It is a draw.

POTOMAC.—The non-dealer scores.

GOLDTHWAITE VS. DEERY.—The return match at billiards between these youthful aspirants for cue-rious honors, takes place a week sooner than was orignally intended, the date being altered from July 24th to the 17th, by mutual consent, to give an opportunity for those who wish to avail themselves of seeing the races in Boston. Unless it be the Bostonians themselves, we fear that few will take advantage of the change. The terms of this second match are precisely the same as of the former one, which, it will be remembered, resulted in the success of Goldthwaite, to the surprise of both parties, doubtless. Judging from the past, it would seem that Deery's chances are of the doubtful order; but, as in cricket, that "glorious uncertainty" attaches itself to billiards with the utmost tenacity, so that he who thinks he has got them (the four little jokers) where he wants them, often finds himself egregiously mistaken. Indeed, the lesson "how easy it is to fail, or miss one's mark" is very frequently taught at this game, against the will, and to the chagrin of the player. The Foley and Kavanagh match was an exemplification of this, and although we did not see the late encounter between Deery and Goldthwaite at Boston, we are very much of the opinion that it may also be quoted as an example. Overweening confidence induces carelessness, which is the precursor of defeat, and is an error which young players frequently fall into, and in spite of all admonition, will persist in, until corrected by expensive experience. Whether these precautionary remarks will be thrown away upon either of the youthful contestants remains to be seen, but certain it is that one of them, at least, cannot afford to ignore them with impunity. We hope that the match will be closely contested, that each will play his best, and that "the best man will win." The encounter takes place in the well-adapted building, Nos. 60 and 62 East Fourteenth street, in Union Square, and the tariff to witness it has been fixed at 50 cents. Billiards have become so popular, that a large attendance should be on hand.

BIG BENEFIT.—Ex-Champion Jem Ward was to have taken a benefit in England on the 30th ult., and it was expected to eclipse anything of the kind they have had there for several years. Some of the best boxing talent in the country had volunteered. There was to have been all sorts of sport, and among others, old Mountjoy, the pedestrian, was to appear. Mace had promised Ward to set-to with him, but it now appears that Jem Mace was too busy with his own affairs, and would not be able to face Ward, and Nat Langham was announced to take his place. Mace, it is thought, does not like to set-to with Ward, for at the benefit of the P. B. A. recently, Ward offered to spar with Mace, but the latter didn't feel inclined. What's up with the modern school of British boxers? A report of Ward's mammoth benefit will probably appear in next week's CLIPPER, our London correspondent having promised to attend, and send us the result of his observations.

FAST PASSAGES OF OCEAN STEAMERS.—The recent fast passage of the steamer Scotia has revived the discussion of ocean passages, and friends of both American and British steamers claim for their favorites the honor of having made the quickest runs across the Atlantic. Capt. Comstock says that if any responsible person denies, in a proper manner, his statement relative to the speed of the steamers Adriatic and Vanderbilt, he, Capt. C., will be happy to produce the proof of a shorter passage than he has yet claimed for the Adriatic. Now, then, what have the friends of the Scotia to say?

FIZZLE OF THE NEW YORK RACES.

When the practicability of inaugurating a series of race meetings was discussed in this city a few months ago, we took ground against the enterprise, and expressed the opinion that the speculation would prove a failure, unless the arrangements were entrusted to a committee of responsible gentlemen, whose names would be a guarantee against any unfair practices, such as have become a part and parcel of nearly all turf affairs and which have contributed to bring the turf to its present low state. A beginning was had in the shape of a gathering of gentlemen well-known upon the turf, and from the interchange of sentiments among those gentlemen, we augured that something *might* be accomplished; but with the adjournment of that meeting, all hopes of seeing our prominent turf men take an interest in the proposed races were dispelled, for one individual seems to have taken the thing in hand, giving the affair more the appearance of a private speculation, than a public amusement. And even here the manager seems to have shown a lack of energy, for aside from the very limited publicity given to his movements by a sickly journal in this city, the public here and abroad were not apprised until a late day, how the arrangements for the proposed meetings were progressing; and when they *were* notified through the daily journals, the time had passed for awakening any sort of interest, and too late it was discovered that the gentleman at the head of the enterprise was unequal to the responsibilities of the position.

Racing is not a popular amusement in the North. In the South, it is in much greater favor. To induce the North to "take to it," it is necessary that men of energy and character should be at the head, and manage it in an honest manner. One individual is not enough to attend to the multifarious duties connected with a series of meetings: it requires a number of prominent, active, and responsible men. Under proper auspices the meetings at Philadelphia and New York might have been made popular. As it was, they were anything else, the latter being a complete fizzle, the meeting coming to an abrupt conclusion with the second day's races. We are not disappointed in the results. We apprehended precisely what has occurred. We determined to see and judge for ourselves, how the races were conducted, how they were patronized. We visited the meeting at Philadelphia, and the races at New York. The proceedings have been made known through the medium of the CLIPPER, in truthful, reliable reports. Much was promised in the programmes at each place; a few of those promises were fulfilled; many were not; and the patrons of the meetings were in several instances sadly disappointed. These things but tend to increase the public feeling against all turf speculations. There is always something wrong about them—the people lose all confidence in them—and each succeeding event places the turf in still lower public estimation. The late meeting on Long Island seems to have been badly managed, or mismanaged, rather. Even on the 4th of July, our great National holiday, the patronage extended the inauguratory races was nothing at all to what had been anticipated. On the 7th, the second day of the meeting, the attendance had fallen off to a mere "corporal's guard;" mismanagement had brought the "New York Meeting" to a very low ebb, indeed. To show that we are not alone in our opinion, we give a few extracts from the leading journals of the day. The *Tribune* says:—

"The second day's racing of the New York Summer Meeting came off yesterday, (Monday,) on the Union Course, L. I. The day was exceedingly warm, and the attendance of spectators very limited, owing, it is to be supposed, to the fact *that scarcely any publicity had been given to the affair*, and few people, consequently, were aware of the races coming off. *The same system of mismanagement* was shown last week, when only two days' very limited notice was given of the alteration and postponement of the opening day of the Meeting. To render a race-meeting successful, one of the most important and indispensable steps is to give thorough publicity to the affair, not only in the city, but throughout the adjacent neighborhood."

The *Times* remarks that—

"Owing to the fact that the race was not properly advertised, and also for the reason that *the public met with several unnecessary disappointments on the first day, the attendance was quite small, and confined almost entirely to professionals and horse men.*"

In a report of the second day's proceedings, the *Herald* says:—

"Yesterday was the second day of the race meeting over the Union Course, Long Island, and, although seven of the fastest race horses in the country were announced to contend, *probably never since the first race course was opened to the public, was such good running so poorly patronized. More people have frequently assembled on the Union Course to witness a trot for a fifty dollar purse than were present yesterday.*"

Here we have the cause of the failure, from a number of sources. Mismanagement brought the "New York Meeting" to a "dead lock" on the second day. A more disastrous race meeting probably never before occurred. The "organ" of the faction getting up these "race meetings" did an unusual amount of "preliminary puffing," which only seems to have hastened the catastrophe, so little confidence have the public in any of the "organ's" assertions. In its last issue, although it was evident to the merest tyro that the first day's racing was anything but a success, the aforesaid "organ" of the turfites remarked as follows: "The success of the meeting, as the inauguration of the revival of racing in the North, *is beyond all question.*" Comment is scarcely necessary. The third day's races were down on the programme for Wednesday, July 9th, but instead of the races being resumed, the following brief announcement was all that met the eye of the public on Wednesday, the 9th:—

"NEW YORK RACES.—The third and fourth day's racing which was to have come off on the Union Course, L. I., will be transferred to the Franklin Course, Boston, to commence Tuesday, July 22, where four days racing will be given. JOHN L. CASSADY."

And thus ended the "metropolitan races," the "great New York Races," which, in some quarters, were expected to "realize handsomely," for the manager. As we before remarked, the result has not disappointed us. We looked for a fizzle, and a fizzle it is, of the most ridiculous kind. Had those Western owners of stock heeded our advice, they would have remained at home, and thus avoided the mortification which they now feel, and secured themselves against loss. They seem to have listened to the "teachings" of the "organ," and their fall is heavy. Whether any of them will have anything to do with the Boston affair we cannot tell. Some of them, having come thus far, may "see the cussed thing out," but it seems more reasonable to suppose that "when Mr. Ward, Mr. Clay, Captain Moore, Dr. Weldon, etc., leave us," it will not "be with satisfaction at the reception they have had here," nor with "a determination to return in the fall."

FAST TROTTING.—The papers are giving a good deal of credit to the trotter Lantern for trotting a half mile in 1:07, and a mile in 2:20, Lantern being harnessed to a wagon weighing 250 lbs. Lantern is very fast, no doubt, but the manner of accomplishing this fast trotting feat was not really legitimate. The *running* horse Socks was attached to the wagon with Lantern, and the running gait being much faster than the trotting, it follows that the pull of the wagon was upon Socks, leaving Lantern "free from all encumbrance." Now, when Flora Temple accomplished the unequalled feat of trotting a mile in *two minutes nineteen and three-quarter seconds*, she did it in harness, and drawing the weight of a sulky and driver after her, having no running mate to do the pulling. Flora's time is still the *fastest on record*, and when it is beaten by another horse, it may be that the "little bay mare" can be persuaded to set the figures still lower down in the teens. Lantern's performance we do not look upon as legitimate. Let us see what he can make in "single harness," drawing a sulky and driver after him, and then we can get a better idea of his abilities. Even with Socks to draw the weight, Lantern's time is still a fraction behind Flora's great performance at Kalamazoo.

VICTORY!—A few more victories like those claimed by the rebels in the recent engagements before Richmond, will annihilate the rebel army. As we get at the real facts of the case, McClellan's losses are but small compared to the losses sustained by the enemy. The slaughter of the rebels is acknowledged by Richmond journals to have been terrible. While McClellan was obliged to "move on," the move seems to have been a good one, for it has placed him in a position which the rebels pronounce impregnable. But there is no use in saying that we are not disappointed that McClellan did not take Richmond. We fully expected it, and were greatly surprised at the retrograde movement of our forces. But all is well that ends well, and when the Union army marches on to Richmond, we shall confidently anticipate the fall of the rebel capital.

BOATING CHALLENGES.—The Fourth of July Regatta at Boston seems to have brought forth whatever rivalry in aquatic circles there may have been latent, and it has already found vent in the shape of challenges, the first in the field in this respect being Hamill, of Pittsburgh, who, as will be observed elsewhere, intends trying the metal of the Champion, Joshua Ward, as was intimated might be the case, in last week's CLIPPER. The second challenge brought forth, is one from the crew of the row boat Tickler, of Boston, who were defeated by the crew of the Geo. J. Brown, in the regatta above alluded to. We append the challenge to this article, by the terms of which it will be seen, that the Tickler crew want to row a race of six miles, for from $200 to $500 a side, etc. Whether the conditions will exactly suit the Brownites, remains to be seen; but we are of the opinion that any objections they will raise will not be of the insurmountable sort, unless we are mistaken in the men; therefore the match may, without calling into play any great powers of prophecy, be considered on. Here is the Tickler's challenge:—

"CHALLENGE TO THE GEORGE J. BROWN FOUR-OARED SHELL BOAT.—EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*—We will match the George J. Brown, of New York, to row a race of six miles on Charles River, Boston, with the same boat and same crews as pulled July 4th, for from $200 to $500 a side; the race to be governed by the same rules and regulations as governed the City of Boston Regatta, July 4th, and we will pay their expenses on to Boston; or we will row them in Worcester, Mass., each party paying their own expenses. The race to take place one month from the making of the match.

Signed for the Crew of the Boat Tickler,

GEO. FAULKNER, 371 Commercial street, Boston."

P. S.—Since the above was in type, and just previous to going to press, we received a counter challenge from the crew of the Brown, by which it would seem that they do not exactly relish the idea of going to Boston or Worcester, but prefer New London. As the last named place is well adapted for a boat race, and is "on the half-way principle," the Tickler men will not, we opine, decline the offer, particularly if they go in for an impartial field and no favor. Neutral waters are much to be preferred for the decision of such events "to our own harbor or river," for reasons that are obvious. But here is the counter challenge to speak for itself. Will the Ticklers respond? That is the question:

CHALLENGE TO THE FOUR OARED SHELL TICKLER OF BOSTON.—The undersigned, crew of the George J. Brown, of New York, will row the Tickler, of Boston, a five mile race at New London, Conn., for the sum of $500 a side. The distance to be measured by one turn, two and one-half miles to a stake-boat and return. The race to be rowed thirty days from the day it is made, and $250 to be deposited as a forfeit on the part of each boat, when articles are signed. If the crew of the Tickler mean rowing, and not talking, we hope they will immediately accept this banter, as they indulged in sufficient talk on the Fourth in Boston, after the regatta in which we defeated them. On that occasion we offered to row them the same race over again, both crews to man their boats immediately, for the first prize of $125 which we had just won; or we offered to row them the next day for a purse of $500, or $250 a side. JOHN J. ECKERSON, JOHN BIGLIN, JAMES BIGLIN, BERNARD BIGLIN.

Communications addressed to George J. Brown, junction of East Broadway and Grand street, will receive prompt attention.

THE SINGLE SCULL MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—Having come from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to Boston, on the 4th of July, to meet the so-called Champion of America, and not finding him, I will row him a five mile straight race for $1,000 or $5,000 a side. Man and money ready at Andy Fay's house, Pearl and Frankfort street, for three days.

JAS. HAMILL, Pittsburgh, Pa."

The above was rather a loud blast which the sturdy Hamill, of Pittsburgh, leveled at Josh Ward a few days since. To be willing to row the Newburgh boy for from "one to five thousand dollars," besides a chance for the honors of the *world's championship* (for we of the Empire State consider our Hudson River boy entitled to that proud cognomen since Chambers' "backing down" from him), sounded something like business. But we are fearful that it will prove only a "flash in the pan," as Ward's friends, after visiting the place designated, found Hamill and backers *non est*, and have not been able to make any definite arrangements to bring on the match. The challenge was a pretty steep one, and we thought, while perusing it, that there was a liberal margin of "bounce" in it.

In making these remarks we do not intend any disparagement of Hamill as an oarsman; for any man who can distance such oarsmen as he did, on the Charles River, on the Fourth of July, must be a "hummer" with the sculls, and no mistake. When a man beats the fleet so easily, and by such a distance, that the judges decline to fire the gun as he passes the score, thinking it an impossibility for him to have been in the race, he must certainly have some slight knowledge of handling the spoons. This was literally the case with Hamill, at the late Boston Regatta; and we must remember, that among his rivals were rowers of no mean calibre—such as Doyle, for instance, who has always enjoyed great reputation for a two-mile dash.

If the friends of Hamill, who, after his late exhibition of his masterly qualities and stamina, ought to feel disposed to support their champion, are ready, they can probably arrange a match with Ward, by signifying their willingness to do so, and addressing Robert Earl, Oscar Teed, or Dick Risdon, care of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

GEN. MCCLELLAN.—The efforts of certain abolition journals to injure the commander of our forces before Richmond, will fall far short of the mark, for the people at large have unbounded confidence in Gen. McClellan, and look with contempt and disgust upon those who seek his destruction. Our defeat at Bull Run, and reverse before Richmond, are, in a measure, to be attributed to traitors at home in the shape of abolition journalists.

"SOBER AS A JUDGE."—Harry Broome, ex-champion of England, was recently fined, in London, for assaulting a cabman. Cabby, on a hearing, said that Harry was drunk, but the latter denied it, and attested that he was "as sober as a judge." The magistrate was forced to smile, while the laughter of the audience was of the most boisterous character at this random shot at the judges.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.—It appears that the Russian Government has dissolved the St. Petersburgh Chess Club, urging as a plea, that they might talk politics there. A contemporary suggests that "probably the limited power of the chess king suggested 'odorous comparisons' with the lord of the knout."

THAT COUP DE BILLARD of Owens' at Syracuse is being paragraphed out in Illinois. It had reached Alton at last advices. So it appears that we didn't cut the Utica *Telegraph's* wires effectually. The war department will have to take this matter in hand.

BILLIARD KING.—This is the title conferred on Phil Tieman of Cincinnati. Phil up, here's to ye, thou gay billiardier. May your reign be long and prosperous. You have a gay troupe of boys to rule, though.

BARCHESTER TOWERS.—This is a stirring novel by Anthony Trollope, author of "Dr. Thorne," etc. This work is full of the deepest interest. It is moral, curious, and well-written. It is published in two neat vols, paper covers, and is printed on fine white paper, with large, clear type.

BARREN HONOR—By the author of that noted novel "Guy Livingston," etc. This is a powerful and singular romance. All the personages who move and breathe through it, are vividly pictured. The story is clearly told, and the catastrophe, though unexpected, is in keeping. The above works, which will afford excellent summer reading, are published by Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 18 Ann street, New York.

ONE HUNDRED YARDS' SPIN.—One day, recently, Billy Dean of Washington, Pa., and Jack Neady, of Ohio, ran a race of 100 yards, which Dean won. Neady afterwards beat Gunyun in a race of the same distance. Other pedestrian events are on the tapis.

TROTTING AT ALBANY.—Three separate races came off at Island Park Course, near Albany, on the 4th, free to all horses that had never trotted in a match. The prize was won by Kelly's (Schenectady) mare, time, 2:39¼; purse, $25. The second was for $50, between Jake Oakley and George Dawson, won by Oakley; time, 2:40. The third was a failure, and resulted in merely nothing, although many there would have endeavored to prove that it was a "big thing." Three of the races were dead heats. The affair was carried over into the following week, to be settled then.

BIG JUMP.—The Bradford (Eng.) riflemen had a leaping tournament recently, at which a private jumped twenty-one feet six inches, measured from toe to heel.

AQUATIC.

REGATTA AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—The "glorious Fourth" was duly celebrated at that eastern city by processions, rope ascensions (by Mons. Denier), etc.; but *the* feature of the proceedings was the regatta, which passed off with great satisfaction to all who witnessed it. The wind was rather rough for such craft as are brought forward on such occasions, but no serious accident occurred. The Committe and Judges were as follows:—

Committee.—Frank D. Webster, James H. Dow, J. Henry Lancross, C. E. Newman, Daniel G. Waldron.

Judges.—Captain Heman Eldredge, Captain James M. [illegible], Captain Wm. Lambert, Captain John Chase, Joseph B. Adams, Esq., Joshua E. Eldredge, Esq.

Two boats were entered for the first race, the Monitor and the Little Mac. Immediately upon starting, the Little Mac broke a thole-pin, and fell out of the race. The Monitor, however, continued on, and went over the course (from the Judges' stand, a boat stationed off Noble's wharf—to the Beacon, and return), a distance about a mile and three quarters. This the Monitor passed over in 13 minutes and 2 seconds. The race was for four oared boats; prize, $8.

Second Race.—Four-oared boats; same distance as first race. Two boats also entered for this race, the Walker and the Skedaddle, both carrying cockswains. The race was won by the Skedaddle in 12:02, the Walker's time being 12:40; prize, $15. In passing the Judges' stand on the return, the crew of the Walker complimented the winning boat by three hearty cheers.

The Skedaddle was manned by Thomas J. Spinney, coxswain; Seth Seely, Wm. Varney, James Hall, and Charles Hall, of Portsmouth.

The Walker by N. Dana Whipple, coxswain; Henry Matthews, James R. May, C. P. Kimball, and James K. Medbury, of Portsmouth.

Third Race.—Six-oared boats; same distance. Entries—Butcher Boy, Skedaddle, and Sunny Side. This race was won by the Skedaddle, in 10:38; the Sunny Side coming in second in 11:00; and the Butcher Boy in 11:53. The race was quite exciting, the crews of the winning boat and of the Sunny Side being very nearly matched, in point of strength and practice, although the former, it was understood, had somewhat the advantage in boats, that in they rowed being new and lighter than the other. The two rounded the Beacon very nearly together, the Sunny Side being but about her length behind. Prize, $25.

The crew of the Sunny Side, of Portsmouth, were Wm. Randall, coxswain; Elvyn Newton, Judson Randall, Charles Randall, Moses Garland, John H. Robinson, and Oliver Downes, all of Shoals.

Of the Skedaddle, same as second race, with the addition of Nathan Spinney and Fabius Spinney.

Of the Butcher Boy, John Meserve, coxswain, and six oarsmen.

Fourth Race.—Open to all double-bank wherries, whale-boats and ship's-boats. No allowance for difference in number of oars. First prize, $25; second prize, $15. Entries, Saucey Jack and Zouave, each carrying 13 oars. This was the concluding race of the day, and was sharply contested. It was won by the Saucy Jack in 10:36, the Zouave coming in but twenty seconds behind.

Crews—Of the Zouave, Samuel W. French, coxswain; Wm. Coggswell, George Fretson, Charles French, Gustavus Abbott, Wentworth Riker, Benj. Woodsum, Chas. Abbott, Oliver Adams, John Fernald, Joseph Fernald, John Gray, Frank Bailey, of the caulkers' gang at the Portsmouth Navy Yard.

Of the Saucy Jack, Stephen A. Dixon, coxswain; Francis Sweney, Wm. H. Staples, Charles F. Staples, Alvin Staples, Andrew J. Dixon, Alvin Dixon, John W. Knight, Henry M. Paul, John W. Davis, Henry Spinney, Wm. Brown, Simon F. Spinney, and Eliot.

A purse was made up at the Judges' stand for another trial between the Monitor and the Little Mac, but it was found to be impracticable.

A balloon was then sent up from the Judges' stand under the charge of Sigston, of Newburyport; but the strong breeze which prevailed caused an accident to the larger one, which, taking fire while in the process of inflation, was burnt, causing quite a scattering of the small crowd collected around it. At the conclusion of the regatta, a salute was fired at Noble's Island, by U. S. Artillery from Fort McClary, which closed the exercises on the river.

YACHT RACE IN NEW YORK BAY.—A regatta came off at Pollock's Yacht Cove House, on Tuesday, July 1st. The course was from a stake boat anchored abreast of the house, to and around a buoy at Robin's Reef Light; the course to be sailed over twice. The following were the conditions agreed upon:—All boats to start in one class, with an allowance of 1½ minute per foot. The following named boats came to the starting point:—

	Length.		Len
Margaretta	37–4	Jane Vernon	
F. H. Brown	32–7	Mary Jane	
Jack Twesdale	30–8	Comet	

At 3 o'clock they got off well together, with a fresh breeze from the west. The first turn was made in the following order:—

	H.	M.	S.		H.
Jane Vernon	4	27	30	Mary Jane	4
Margaretta	4	27	50	Comet	4
Jack Tweedle	4	34	40	F. H. Brown	4
SECOND TURN.					
Jane Vernon	5	31	16	Mary Jane	5
Margaretta	5	34	49	Comet	5

The first prize was awarded to the Jane Vernon; the second to the Mary Jane. Judges—Com. Abe Barker, Wm. Wood, Jr., and Sheppard.

FOURTH OF JULY REGATTA AT OGDENSBURGH, N. Y.—The excellent aquatic spirit of Ogdensburgh gave vent to itself on the 4th inst., in the following neat regatta. It took place on the Lawrence. For the sailing race the following entries were made, and the result was as indicated below:—Quick Step, from Grenmaut Bay, J. Dingham, 1st prize. Hunter, Clayton, Geo. Collins, 2d prize. Foam, Kingston, M. Dunham. Minnie, Ogdensburgh, J. Johnson, withdrawn because of an accident. Bloomer, Brockville, M. Reed, withdrawn. Time of first boat, 1 hour 12 minutes. The race was easily won by the Quick Step. The purse was $75 for the first boat, and $25 for the second. The next was the

SKIFF RACE, (without outriggers) for $20 to first boat, and $5 to second, and the following entries were made:—Sleepy Dan, of Alex. Bay, J. Hodly, 1st prize. White Arrow, of Ogdensburgh, M. J. Ives, 2d prize. Black Dick, of Ogdensburgh, Uuknown, of Brockville, A. C. Dana, distanced. The third and last race was for

LAPSTREAK WHERRIES, $20 to first boat, and $5 to second. The entries were:—White Bird, of Ogdensburgh, J. Ives, 1st prize. Rowena, of Brockville, J. Hutton, 2d prize. Unknown, Ogdensburgh, T. Grey.

THE SHELL RACE did not come off, though four entries were made. This caused much dissatisfaction, not only with the boatmen, but the public. The wind prevailing was the excuse for not rowing the race. About seven o'clock a

TUB RACE took place on the Oswegatchie, which caused considerable amusement for a large number of people. There were four entries for the race, which was won by Michael McCann. One of the boats tipped over a short distance from the starting point, another sunk in about the middle of the river, and the third gave up the contest, while McCann paddled steadily forward, and won the race.

BOAT RACE OFF THE BATTERY.—On the morning of the 13th, an exciting boat race came off between amateurs, the race to be rowed in 17 feet working boats, two pair sculls, for a silver watch, put up by John Collins, Esq. The judges were John Callahan, John Bailey, and P. Callahan. The course was from a stake boat off the Battery around Ellis Island and return. The following boats started and returned in the order below:—

Bob Hart,	Rowed by	Hennessey and Barry, Time 23 m
Battery Boy,	" "	St. George and Lynch, " 26
Two Forty,	" "	Cantlin and Bodger, " 27
Mary,	" "	Murphy and Delaney, " 28
Annie,	" "	Doherty and Crowley, " 28¾
Ellen Livingston,	" "	Fitzgerald and Tobin, " 29
Julia,	" "	Peach and Scanlan, " 29¼

Another race between the same boats is spoken of.

YACHTING ON THE DELAWARE.—On Monday next, 21st inst., a race will take place on the Delaware river, at Philadelphia, between the 22 feet yachts Flomerfelt and Cassidy, the stakes issue being a purse of $400.

HALIFAX, N. S. YACHT CLUB.—On Friday, July 4th, a meeting of the Royal Halifax Yacht Club was held, at which the challenge cups sailed for on the 7th ult., were presented to the winners.

NETTLETON'S REGATTA came off in New Haven on July 11th, off the Grove House, the Hyac taking the prize for round boats, boats $10, and the Minnie that for sharpries, $5. The Gem of the Eastern passed the city through the Sound on the same day. If the "Capen" had known of the race he would probably have stopped over and entered for the round bottom prize, but of course she would have been "nowhar" compared with the Hyac.

PIGEON SHOOTING AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.—On Saturday, 5th inst., the members of the Sportsmen's Club, of that "village," had a pigeon shooting tournament on the Monroe County Club grounds. Sides were chosen by Messrs. C. C. Morse and A. Pritchard, and the shooting resulted as recorded in the summaries appended:—

MORSE'S SIDE.		PRITCHARD'S SIDE.	
W R Bascom	0011111111— 8	E H Munn	1110111111
M M Hollister	1110111101— 8	George Deming	1101101111
F H Oriel	1111111011— 9	Darius Cole, Jr.	0111100111
James Hart	1110111011— 8	J Hayward, Jr.	0101111111
G A Watson*	1 01 01 11 11 0— 7	Seth Green*	1 11 11 11 11 1
C A Kellogg	1111111111—10	S M Spencer	1110101111
C C Morse	1000100111— 5	A R Pritchard	1000100111
Charles Hart	1010101111— 7	W M Tompkins	0111001011
Hiram Smith	0001000001— 2	A S Winston	1111111111
H H Morse	1000110011— 5	V M Smith	0011011110
M R Dole	0001100001— 3	— Palmer	0110011000
Total	72	Total	

* Double birds.

Double shots were then tried, each man having six birds sprung, with the following result:—

A S Winston	4	C A Kellogg	
Geo Deming	5	M M Hollister	
D Cole, Jr.	5	F H Oriel	
Seth Green	5	J Hart	
S M Spencer	4	G A Watson	
Chas E Hart	6	W M Tompkins	
Hiram Smith	3	V M Smith	
W R Bascom	4		

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Hous-
n and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truth-
ly be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be
nd the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, inclu-
g pictures representing the most important sporting events,
d the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their sev-
l pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some
luable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

QUOITING.—The Quoit Shades, 273 Spring Street, will open
the Quoiting world, on Saturday, May 17, 1862, under the
mmand of the Old Fireman, Soldier, and Quoit Player,
CAPT. TIM WATERS.
he Ground has soft clay ends, and the Captain respectfully
s the patronage of his friends. [6-3m] T. WATERS.

WEEHAWKEN.—This suburb of New York, though loca-
l in New Jersey, is visited during the summer by many of our
erheated citizens for the benefit of their health. Those who
ss the water in that direction this summer, will not forget that
e affable ED. WILSON has re-opened his cozy little retreat there,
lled "THE RUINS," just to the left of the road ascending the
l from the 42d street ferry, where a good view of the Hudson
ver may be had; a cooler in the shape of a sherry cobbler or
nt julep, cigars of first-rate quality; and, if you like, you can
e an hour's pleasant exercise at quoits, the material and place
ng always in fix. 9-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and
ster streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs
friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house,
ich he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar
ll be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars.
e Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort.
JOHN ROCHE. *
0-tf

THE DEER'S HEAD,
NO. 25 EAST HOUSTON STREET, (near Broadway.)
ACK BATH begs to return his sincere thanks for the very
eral patronage extended to him since opening the above
emises. He begs to assure his friends and patrons that every-
ng in the shape of cooling and refreshing beverages, together
th the strictest attention and civility, will always be extended
all who may honor his hostelrie with a visit. The CLIPPER,
d all other sporting journals always on file—with Jack himself
give every information about sporting events, either at home
abroad. 14-4t*

JEM COBURN'S SPARRING ENTERTAINMENT.—The lovers and
nateurs of good sparring will rally in good numbers at Mont-
mery Hall, on Thursday evening, July 24th, when Jem Co-
rn (brother to Joe Coburn) will offer them a first class spar-
g exhibition, as he will be assisted by all the leading profes-
nal and amateur sparrers of the city. As Mr. Coburn has not
pealed to the patronage of the public for several years, we hope
t he may be greeted with an overflowing house. The wind-up
ll be a grand display between Jem Coburn and Jem Dillon.

SPARRING EXHIBITION.—The sparring exhibition for the benefit
Tom Fox, came off on the night of the 3d inst., at Putnam
ll, corner of Third avenue and Twelfth street. The hall was
ly fairly filled. The sets-to between Thompson and Moore,
n Robbins and Walker, and Young Doyle and Bray, were
eatly applauded; Lyons and Jack Bath, Bennett and John
zgerald, and Mike Smith and Bill McDade, had lively rallies
th each other, in which give and take was the order of the
ght, and no flinching was exhibited by either of the parties.
e "big ones" indulged in some earnest work, and McDade
t some of the ruby. Young Fox and McMahon, and Johnny
rphy, Macfarland, and Donnell, contributed handsomely to
success of the exhibition. The "wind-up," between Tom
x and Billy Donnelly, was a lively and spirited affair; each
played a liberal share of science, and they were apparently
y evenly matched. This set-to pleased the audience wonder-
lly; the contestants being greeted with repeated rounds of ap-
use during its continuance.
W. Tovee officiated as master of ceremonies, and by request,
turned thanks for Mr. Fox in his humorous and original
anner.

ON THE MUSCLE.—Owen Geohgan seems to have warmed up
the subject of fight, by way of keeping even with the present
t weather, and comes out boldly with a challenge to fight
nny Roche, of which the following is a copy:—

"CHALLENGE.—The long looked for comes at last. It is com-
nly rumored throughout the city, and came to my ears on
veral occasions, that Johnny Roche wishes to make a match to
ht me at 133lbs. Now, I wish to inform Mr. Roche that I will
ht him at 133lbs., for $500, leaving a match open for $1000: or
y other man in the country at 131lbs., give or take two pounds.
Johnny, if you mean fight, let us see your issue on Monday,
d I can assure you that your soap will be covered before Sun-
y. If you are the man Kit Burns represents you to be, let the
inion of the sporting men decide it. The only way I think
st is to make a match and end it. Now, Johnny, be ready on
nday night. Come up with your tin if you mean fight. Re-
ectfully, yours, OWEN GEOGHAN."

Owen must have been afraid it would be seen by sporting men
ely, judging from the fact that he "stowed it away" in a very
g corner of a non-sporting paper. But here it is brought to
light of day, and in answer to it, Johnny Roche called upon
and in a quiet sort of way suggests that Geoghan would be
e to keep cool during the dog days, and adds, that he (Roche)
es not seek newspaper notoriety, but that he will fight Owen
catch weight for $500 a side, but that if $1000 a side be the
n, he will fight at weight, as the former amount would not pay
n for the expenses of a prolonged training, etc. If Geoghan
eans fighting, let him plank the soap, call upon Roche at his
ace of business, and the thing can be done as easy as winking,
least, that is the opinion of Roche, if Owen does not get off too
uch gas. Fight first and blow after, that's the motto.

BALL PLAY.

BASE BALL IN BOSTON.
THE EASTERN TOUR OF THE EXCELSIOR CLUB.
EXCELSIOR VS BOWDOIN.

During the season of 1860, the Excelsior Club of Brooklyn
ade a tour through the Western part of New York, playing with
e leading clubs of Albany, Troy, Rochester and Buffalo, and re-
rning, visited Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, in all
which places they were victorious alike against selected nines
om various clubs, as against nines from single clubs. Since
eir last tour South they have been reclining on the laurels they
on from abroad. The only defeats they sustained during 1860
ere at the hands of two Brooklyn clubs, and those in single
mes only. Their last match with the Atlantics was considered
drawn game. From the month of October, 1860, to June, 1862,
ey have not been engaged in a solitary match, and in all that
me they have not had a week's practice together.

This season, however, they determined to arouse from their
rmant state and try and rub off a litle of the rust that time had
cumulated, and by way of getting into practice again, they got
a match with the Charter Oak Club, and a few weeks ago we
corded the result of the contest, it being a very narrow escape
om a defeat, the Excelsiors winning by a score of 20 to 19 only.
eir play in this match gave ample evidence of the absolute ne-
ssity of being in constant practice if invariable success was to
the object. In 1860 the Bowdoin club of Boston forwarded
em an invitation to visit that city and have a bout with them;
rcumstances, however, prevented the Excelsiors from going on
ere at the time. This season they determined to pay a visit
down east," and accordingly they took their departure for Bos-
n on July 9th, and arrived at their destination on the 10th.
he Bowdoins, being duly notified, went to work to prepare to
ncounter their experienced opponents, and on the 10th of July
e best nine of that club assembled on the Common, together
ith the visiting nine, and at 3 P. M. of that day began their first
atch with the Excelsiors. The nine of the latter club was not
s strong as they had on their previous tours, both Whiting and
eynolds being absent, the former their 3d base man, the latter
hort stop. On this occasion Young took Whiting's place, and
ook acted as substitute in Reynolds' place, Russell playing at
hort field and Cook at right field. This change in their nine,
nd the want of practice, led them to expect defeat, at any rate
hey were prepared for it, and inasmuch as a nine from Brook-
yn, composed of a majority of the noted Atlantics, had been de-
eated in Philadelphia, they had the consolation of knowing that
hey would have good company under such circumstances.

Defeat, however, was not on the card of Fate for them, Victory
referring to record her name in connection with the Excelsior
lub on all occasions of matches away from home, the credit
f the Brooklyn ball players being perfectly safe in the hands of
he Excelsiors against all outside opponents, singly or collect-
vely, Philadelphia not excepted.

The match on the Boston Common on the 10th inst., was wit-
essed by a numerous and highly respectable assemblage, who
anifested deep interest in the game. The portions of the
ommon set apart for the contest by the city authorities, was
oped in, and a posse of police were detailed to see that the
rowd did not encroach upon the players. The weather was pro-
itious, and the scene, just as the game commenced, was pictur-
sque in the extreme. Encircling two-thirds of the ground were
ustered some five or six thousand people—a large assemblage
or busy, money-making Boston to send forth—and the field
eing surrounded by the green foliage of the trees of the Common,
nd the Botanical Gardens, gave beauty to the prospect on the
ight, and the hill side on the left. It was really an attractive
ight, and one that the Bostonians do not gaze on as often as
hey should.

The Excelsiors won the toss, and sent in Young to the bat, who
egan play with a good hit to the left field, but the ball was well
aken care of by Forbush before it reached the ground, this
eing "first blood" for the Bowdoins. Russell, the next bats-
man, narrowly escaped a similar fate, but he managed after-
wards to reach his 3d base, where he was left, Pearsall and
Polhemus being well put out at 1st base by Crosby, the innings
of the Excelsiors resulting in a blank. It was now the Bowdoins'
turn to bat, and the Excelsiors at once took their positions on
he field, every spectator being eager to see the anticipated fine
display of fielding. The majority, knowing nothing of the length
of time the Excelsiors had been out of practice, no doubt fully
expected to see a display worthy the reputation of the club, but
in this they were, in a measure, disappointed, for the first high
ball in the field was missed, and three runs were secured, as
much by misplays in fielding as by good batting, the two sub-
stitutes being mainly chargeable with the errors. The total
score of the innings being 3 to 0, and in favor of Boston, the
Bowdoins felt quite inspirited, and the Excelsiors began to
entertain doubts of their success. In the second innings, the
Excelsiors took the lead, and thenceforth, to the close, gradually
increased their distance from their opponents, finally winning
by a score of 41 to 15, nine of the latter score being obtained in
the first three innings, against 19 on the part of the Excelsiors,
they having scored 13 in their third innings.

The Excelsiors scarcely anticipated as good a fight as they
encountered, the play of the Bowdoin being far superior to
the disparity that the score would indicate. The Bowdoin
proved themselves to be exceeding active and efficient fielders,
their throwing, base play, and catching in the field being first
class. Their pitching and catching, too, was good, and their
batting against Creighton's pitching was the best we have seen
since the second Atlantic and Excelsior game. Lowell caught
behind in the most creditable manner, throwing well to the
bases, making several excellent catches from foul balls, and
allowing but few to pass him. Archbald pitched finely; he has
full command of the ball, is deliberate in his movements, judges
well in delivery, and though he pitches swiftly, does not sacrifice
anything to speed; he also throws well to the bases and keeps a
watchful eye on them; in fact, he is a good pitcher. Crosby
played admirably at 1st base, and doubtless will not lose anything
from the example he has had in Pearsall's play. Bushnell, at 3d
base played very efficiently, and Tarbell at 2d base did very well,
but was a little too anxious, as were others of the nine, and this led
them into occasional errors. They require a few defeats to
school them down to the requisite degree of coolness, without
which invariable success cannot well be achieved even with a
first class nine in the field. In order to play effectively in a
match, a fieldsman must keep cool; if he allows himself to get
excited, he loses his presence of mind, and then lacks that judg-
ment so essential to success. Gill, an excellent fielder, failed in
this respect, as did Tarbell; too eager to win, they lost their
coolness, and missed balls that under ordinary circumstances
they would have fielded. This was the case with one or two of
the out fieldsmen, too, hence several miscatches. Forbush's play
at short field, to which position he was ordered in the 6th innings,
was excellent; he made several fine stops and threw well to
Crosby; also an excellent catch on the bound from a foul ball.
Sawyer at right field was active, and made a good fly catch, as did
Bryant at centre field, and Forbush at left; in fact all fielded well
as a general thing.

In batting, every man of the nine made good hits in one way
or another, Archbald making the two best hits of the match on
their side. Gill also made a beauty in the last innings, so did
Lowell in the 8th. Lowell and Forbush made the highest scores
with the fewest outs, Bryant being next.

On the part of the Excelsiors, we have to say that we do not
remember to have seen Leggett catch, or Creighton pitch better
than in this match. For four hours Leggett stood up behind the
bat, and received the swift balls sent him by Creighton, allowing
but 6 balls to pass him on which bases were run, and taking three
balls from swift fly tips. Creighton also pitched in 8 out of the
9 innings, and his swiftest balls were sent in in the last innings.
Four hours pitching and catching like that of Creighton and Leg-
ett's in a hot July's sun is no joke—it proved one fact conclusively;
namely, that both can stand up to their work well when neces-
sary. Pearsall played in his usual fine style at 1st base, and
Brainard was efficient at 2d base, and Flanly's play on the field
was excellent, considering that he was suffering with a billious
headache all the while. He would play, however, though entirely
unfit for it. Polhemus had but few opportunities to distinguish
himself, but what chances he had he attended to well. Russell,
at short field, made several fine plays, among them a beautiful fly
catch; but he shows the want of practice badly.

In batting, Creighton and Young took the lead; indeed, we
never saw better batting than Creighton displayed in this match.
He made two clean home runs from two of the most splendidly
struck balls we have ever seen, not even excepting the Atlantic
and Mutual match. He made 8 runs and no outs, the best score
of the matches played. Young, too, batted very finely indeed,
scoring 5 runs and being left on his base twice. Russell and
Cook also were very successful; in fact, all the nine are entitled
to credit for good batting.

The umpire on this occasion was Mr. Robert Green of the Vic-
tory club, of Troy, and he acquitted himself most creditably in
the arduous position he occupied. In only one instance did he
err, and that only in taking the opinion of players on a question
of judgment at 1st base. An umpire should in all cases decide
for himself, and never ask a question of a player on any point,
the only instance in which it is excusable being in the case of a
bound catch on a distant part of the field. The full score of this
first match is as follows:—

BATTING.

EXCELSIOR.	H. L.	RUNS.
Young, 3d b	2	5
Russell, s s	3	5
Pearsall, 1st b	5	3
Polhemus, 1 f	4	3
Brainard, 2d b	4	4
Flanly, c f	4	4
Creighton, p	0	8
Cook, r f	2	5
Leggett, c	3	4
Total		41

BOWDOIN.	H. L.	RUNS.
Crosby, 1st b	4	0
Forbush, 1 f	2	3
Lowell, c	2	3
Tarbell, 2d b	3	2
Bryant, c f	2	2
Archbald, p	3	1
Sawyer, r f	5	0
Bushnell, 3d b	3	2
Gill, s s	3	2
Total		15

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Excelsior	0	6	13	3	3	5	5	3	3—41
Bowdoin	3	2	4	1	0	2	0	2	1—15

FIELDING.

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.
Young	1	0	0	1
Russell	1	0	0	1
Pearsall	2	0	6	8
Polhemus	0	1	0	1
Brainard	1	0	1	2
Flanly	1	3	0	4
Creighton	1	1	0	2
Cook	0	0	0	0
Leggett	3	0	0	3
Total	10	5	7	22

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.
Crosby	0	0	8	8
Forbush	1	2	0	3
Lowell	1	5	1	7
Tarbell	0	0	1	1
Bryant	1	2	0	3
Archbald	1	1	1	3
Sawyer	1	1	0	2
Bushnell	0	0	0	0
Gill	0	0	0	0
Total	5	11	11	27

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	Base 2d	Base 3d	Foul
Young	1	0	0	0	0	0
Russell	0	0	1	0	0	2
Pearsall	0	1	2	1	0	1
Polhemus	1	1	2	0	0	0
Brainard	0	2	1	0	0	1
Flanly	1	1	0	0	0	2
Creighton	0	0	0	0	0	0
Cook	0	0	1	0	0	1
Leggett	1	0	2	0	0	0
Totals	4	5	9	1	0	7

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	Base 2d	Base 3d	Foul
Crosby	0	1	2	0	0	1
Forbush	1	0	1	0	0	0
Lowell	0	1	0	0	0	1
Tarbell	1	0	2	0	0	0
Bryant	1	0	0	0	0	0
Archbald	2	1	0	0	0	0
Sawyer	1	1	1	0	0	0
Bushnell	1	0	0	0	0	0
Gill	0	1	0	1	0	1
Totals	7	5	6	1	0	3

Passed balls—Leggett, 6; Lowell, 9.
Home runs—Creighton, 2.
Struck out—Bushnell, 2; Sawyer, 2; Bryant, 1.
Fly catches missed—Lowell, 2; Sawyer, 1; Bryant, 1; Tarbell, 1; Gill, 1; Young, 2; Creighton, 1; Cook, 1.
Bound catches missed—Crosby, 1; Lowell, 1; Bushnell, 1; Sawyer, 1; Gill, 1; Bryant, 1; Tarbell, 1; Flanly, 1; Cook, 2; Polhemus, 1.
Put out at home base—Young, by Lowell.
Time of game—4 hours.
Umpire—Mr. R. Green, of the Victory club, of Troy.
Scorers—Messrs. C. C. Ward and V. Wyckoff.

At the close of the game, both the contesting nines heartily cheered each other, and at 8 P. M. all the players, together with a large party of invited guests, sat down to a splendid supper that had been prepared for them by the Bowdoins, at the Parker House. The president of the Bowdoin, Mr. Archibald, presided, and on his right were his Honor the Mayor of Boston, Mr. Wightman, and Dr. Jones, the president of the Excelsiors. The usual toasts, sentiments, and songs ruled during the evening, and a social time was had of it until midnight, without the aid of spirituous liquors.

On Friday, the second game was played, the opponents of the Excelsiors this time being a nine selected from the Tri-Mountain and Lowell clubs, the latter club being named in honor of Mr. J. A. Lowell, of the Bowdoin club, a compliment courteously rendered, and one well merited. On this occasion the Excelsiors were minus the services of Flanly, who was too sick to play, and Cook having to leave, also necessitated the selection of another player, young Ferguson, a juvenile Excelsior, taking his place, and Geo. Cole, of the old Excelsior nine, playing instead of Flanly. This, of course, still further weakened the Excelsiors, and they felt anything but sure of winning. They had not the strong team against them that they had before, and the nine being an amalgamated one, made things still more favorable for them. The Lowell club is newly formed, and composed of young players. The Tri-Mountain, however, is the oldest club in the State that plays the New York or National game. The game was commenced at 3 P. M., and the result of the first innings made a victory for the Excelsiors a foregone conclusion, as the total score at the close of that innings stood 13 to 3 in their favor. In the middle of the game the Boston nine kept down their score well, and in the three last innings added nine more to their own score, but the final result was a victory for the Excelsiors by a score of 39 to 13.

There was a manifest improvement in the play of the Excelsiors in this game, the practice of the day previous having had a favorable effect. Brainard played splendidly at 2d base, and made three excellent catches. Leggett's catching was even better than that of the day previous, and Creighton was well up in his pitching, the last of the nine innings being again the best. In batting, Brainard made rather the best score, one hit of his, on which he made a home run, being a ripper. Creighton hit a ball to right field which was a perfect old "sockdolager." Pearsall and Polhemus made a tie of it, each scoring 6 and each getting home runs. Cole made a clean score, but it was on the wrong side. He reached his third base once, but was there left to contemplate the beauties of the scene. Little Ferguson made two good bound catches, and scored two runs by good batting, and Russell made his 5 well. In fielding, however, he was not up to his mark, another miss on the fly being put down to his score; indeed, all save Cole batted well, especially in the last four innings, when no less than 24 runs were added to the score.

On the part of the Boston nine, we have to speak in praise of the good play of Miller and Wilder as pitcher and catcher. The former will undoubtedly become a first rate player in the position. He is a little too hurried in delivering the ball, and should endeavor to command the ball before trying for speed. All Wilder lacks in catching is the strength to throw. He was very efficient behind, and caught several difficult balls, and allowed but few to pass him. Joselyn's fielding was a feature of the match. He is the first cricketer that we have seen field well in a ball match. He picked up balls and threw them in in the best style we have seen. Adams played most creditably at 1st base, and Arnold at 3d, and Saltzman at 2d was very effective. Chandler made several good fly catches. Lovett made some good plays to 1st base, and Troupp attended to two balls on the bound well. Miller put out two players on 1st base in good style, from good throws by Wilder; and Adams took a foul bound very creditably. In batting, Chandler took the lead, Miller being next, and Troupp third. The two former scored home runs by very fine hits; so did Lovett. Saltzman, Wilder, and Joselyn made good hits.

Mr. J. A. Lowell acted as umpire, and did his duty in the most thorough manner; indeed, we do not often see the position as efficiently filled as on this occasion. He called every foul ball and strike in a loud voice, as all umpires should do, and gave his decisions promptly and impartially.

We have specially to award credit to the Boston nine for the quiet and gentlemanly demeanor of one and all throughout the game. Not a word of discontent did we hear.

This series of contests is the third we have reported this season between clubs of Brooklyn and these of other cities. In the matches between the Philadelphians and their several opponents at Newark, New York and Brooklyn, we noticed that the spectators on each occasion were very impartial in their bestowal of applause for skilful play. In the games between Philadelphia and Brooklyn, the Philadelphians were most liberal in applauding even the least good play shown by the visiting clubs. But in Boston, we regret to say, that the spectators were partial, only here and there did they see fit to praise that in the stranger, that which drew forth such warm applause for their own players. This want of courtesy surprised us, and as it contrasted so forcibly with the uniform kindness and attention shown the Excelsiors during their stay in Boston, we were pained to notice it. We trust on another occasion to have an opportunity to reverse our opinion, and award praise for conduct in this respect equal to that the Philadelphians so well merited.

The Excelsiors and their friends express themselves as highly delighted with their first visit to the "little village of Bosting," and are profuse in their acknowledgment of courteous attentions from all they met with. But especially to the Bowdoins are they indebted for a most hospitable reception. Mr. Crocket, too, of the Boston Cricket club, and others "of that ilk," have made many friends among the Excelsiors by the courtesies they have received at his hands. By the way, we would mention that the Broomfield House is the headquarters of the cricketing fraternity in Boston, and is likely to be of base ball players in future. We shall give a resume of the play in these matches in our next. Appended is the score of the last match:—

BATTING.

EXCELSIOR.	H.L.	RUNS.
Young, l f	3	4
Russell, s s	3	5
Pearsall, 1st b	2	6
Polhemus, 3d b	2	6
Brainard, 2d b	2	6
Cole, r f	7	0
Creighton, p	2	5
Ferguson, c f	5	2
Leggett, c	1	5
Total		39

BOSTON NINE.	H.L.	RUNS.
Chandler, r f	2	3
Saltzman, 2d b	3	1
Lovett, s s	4	1
Troupp, c f	3	2
Miller, p	2	3
Arnold, 3d b	4	1
Wilder, c	2	1
Hall, l f	3	1
Adams, 1st b	4	0
Total		13

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Excelsior	3	6	2	2	2	6	7	7	4—39
Boston Nine	1	0	0	2	1	4	1	4	0—13

FIELDING.

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.
Young	0	1	0	1
Russell	0	0	0	0
Pearsall	2	1	2	5
Polhemus	0	0	0	0
Brainard	1	2	0	3
Cole	0	0	0	0
Creighton	0	2	0	2
Ferguson	0	2	0	2
Leggett	4	3	0	7
Total	7	11	2	20

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.
Chandler	2	0	0	2
Saltzman	0	0	0	0
Lovett	0	1	0	1
Troupp	0	3	0	3
Miller	0	1	2	3
Arnold	0	0	0	0
Wilder	3	4	0	7
Josleyn	1	0	0	1
Adams	0	3	5	8
Total	6	12	7	25

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	Bd	Base 1st	Base 2d	Base 3d	Total
Young	1	2	0	0	0	0
Russell	0	0	2	0	0	1
Pearsall	0	1	1	0	0	0
Polhemus	0	1	0	6	0	1
Brainard	0	0	1	0	0	1
Cole	0	1	1	0	0	4
Creighton	2	0	0	0	0	0
Ferguson	0	1	0	0	0	2
Leggett	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	3	6	5	0	0	9

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	Base 2d	Base 3d	Total
Chandler	0	1	0	0	0	1
Saltzman	0	1	2	0	0	0
Lovett	1	1	0	0	0	2
Troupp	0	2	0	0	0	0
Miller	1	1	0	0	0	0
Arnold	1	0	0	0	0	1
Wilder	0	1	0	0	0	1
Josleyn	0	1	0	0	0	2
Adams	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	3	8	2	0	0	7

Passed balls—Wilder, 3; Leggett, 3.
Home runs—Chandler, 1; Lovett, 1; Miller, 1; Pearsall, 1; Polhemus, 1; Brainard, 1.
Struck out—Cole, 1; Ferguson, 1; Arnold, 2; Troupp, 1; Adams, 4.
Fly catches missed—Leggett, 1; Russell, 1; Ferguson, 1; Wilder, 1; Chandler, 2; Troupp, 1.
Bound catches missed—Polhemus, 1; Wilder, 2: Chandler, 1.
Put out at home base—Ferguson and Leggett, by Miller and Wilder.
Time of game—Three hours and thirty-five minutes.
Umpire—Mr. J. A. Lowell, of the Bowdoin club.
Scorers—Messrs. W. Holt and H. F. Coe.

On Saturday the Excelsiors visited the grounds of the Boston cricket club, at East Cambridge, and joined in a game of cricket, in which Russell, Creighton, Brainard and Pearsall, of the American cricket club, particularly distinguished themselves. On Saturday evening the Excelsiors left Boston on their return home, and this week play a match in Brooklyn.

BASE BALL AVERAGES.

The following are the averages of the Philadelphia players in the eight games they have been engaged in with the Newark, New York and Brooklyn players:—

	Matches Played in	Hands Lost	Average and over	Runs	Average and over	Highest Score in a Match	Clear Scores	Matches in which no Runs made	Most Hands Lost	Least Hands Lost	Home Runs	Struck Out
Anspach	6	17	2.5	17	2.5	7	0	1	4	1	1	0
T Bomeisler	4	8	2.0	13	3.1	6	1	0	4	0	0	0
C Bomeisler	3	12	4.0	6	2.0	3	0	0	4	4	0	3
Berkenstock	2	5	2.1	7	3.1	4	0	0	3	2	0	0
Brattan	1	3	3.0	1	1.0	1	0	0	3	3	0	2
Croasdale	6	15	2.3	17	2.5	7	0	0	4	2	1	1
Fisler	2	7	3.1	6	3.0	4	0	0	5	2	0	0
Frazier	2	5	2.1	8	4.0	4	0	0	4	3	0	0
Gaskill	2	5	2.1	4	2.0	4	0	0	1	1	0	0
Hayhurst	1	5	5.0	0	0.0	0	0	1	5	5	0	0
Johnson	5	19	3.4	10	2.0	5	0	2	5	3	0	0
Loughery	6	16	2.4	16	2.4	8	1	0	4	0	0	2
McBride	2	4	2.0	7	3.1	5	0	0	2	2	0	0
Moore	5	15	3.0	8	1.3	6	0	3	5	2	0	0
Pratt	6	22	3.4	14	2.2	6	0	2	5	2	0	1
Paul	6	15	2.3	12	2.0	5	0	1	4	1	1	1
Richards	2	5	2.1	4	2.0	3	0	0	4	1	0	0
J Smith	2	7	3.1	4	2.2	3	0	0	4	3	0	0
Woods	2	7	3.1	3	1.1	3	0	1	4	3	0	0
Wilkins	5	17	3.2	11	2.1	4	0	0	5	2	0	2

BATTING.

NINE A.	H.L.	RUNS.
M O'Brien	3	7
Pearce	5	4
Smith	4	3
Oliver	5	3
Chapman	7	3
Crane	8	3
Massey	7	2
Waddell	7	2
Meigs	8	1
Total		28

NINE B.	H.L.	RUNS.
Boughton	5	3
Pike	5	3
Jerome	5	3
Leland	6	2
Steele	8	2
Bliss	5	1
Phelps	5	0
Manning	7	0
Ticknor	8	0
Total		14

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Nine A	1	6	5	2	3	2	2	4	3—28
Nine B	2	2	1	2	3	3	0	1	1—14

FIELDING.

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.
Smith	3	0	5	8
M O'Brien	4	0	4	8
Chapman	3	3	1	7
Massey	2	2	3	7
Meigs	1	4	0	5
Pearce	0	4	0	4
Crane	3	1	0	4
Waddell	1	2	0	3
Oliver	1	0	0	1
Totals	18	16	13	47

	Fly.	B'nd.	Base.	Total.
Steele	3	2	11	16
Ticknor	4	3	2	9
Jerome	1	1	6	8
Leland	2	2	1	5
Pike	1	3	1	5
Boughton	0	5	0	5
Phelps	0	0	2	2
Bliss	0	0	1	1
Manning	0	0	0	0
Totals	11	16	24	51

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	Base 2d	Base 3d	Foul
M O'Brien	0	2	1	0	0	0
Smith	1	0	1	0	0	1
Pearce	0	0	4	0	0	1
Oliver	2	0	1	0	1	1
Massey	1	2	1	1	0	1
Waddell	1	1	4	0	0	0
Chapman	1	4	1	0	0	1
Meigs	2	0	4	0	0	1
Crane	3	3	1	0	0	1
Totals	12	13	18	1	1	7

	Fly	B'd	Base 1st	Base 2d	Base 3d	Foul
Bliss	0	2	2	0	0	0
Boughton	2	1	1	0	0	1
Jerome	2	2	1	0	0	0
Pike	0	1	1	1	0	2
Phelps	1	0	1	0	1	2
Leland	1	1	2	0	0	2
Manning	1	2	1	0	0	3
Steele	4	1	1	0	1	1
Ticknor	1	2	2	0	1	2
Totals	11	12	12	1	3	13

ADDITIONAL STATISTICS.

Passed balls—Ticknor, 16; Pike, 5; Manning, 3; Jerome, 1—25. Pearce, 12; Chapman, 7—19.
Home runs—Steele, 1; Pike, 1.
Struck out—Bliss, 1; Massey, 1.
Run out between bases—J. Smith by C. Smith and Crane; and Richards by C. Smith.
Fly catches missed—Crane, 1; Waddell, 1; Pearce, 1; Meigs, 1; Oliver, 1; Chapman, 1; Massey, 1—7. Boughton, 4; Leland, 2; Pike, 2; Manning, 1; Jerome, 1—11.
Bound catches missed—Chapman, 3; Pearce, 2; Smith, 1; Crane, 1; Meigs, 1; M. O'Brien, 1—9. Ticknor, 2; Boughton, 1; Bliss, 1; Manning, 1—5.
Wild throws on which bases were run—Crane, 3; Pearce, 2; Massey, 2; Chapman, 2; M. O'Brien, 1; Waddell, 1; Smith, 1—12. Ticknor, 4; Leland, 3; Steele, 2; Phelps, 2; Jerome, 2; Manning, 2; Pike, 2—17.
Muffed balls—Crane, 9; M. O'Brien, 3; Pierce, 2; Massey, 2; Chapman, 2; Meigs, 1; Oliver, 1; Smith, 1; Waddell, 1—22. Manning, 5; Phelps, 4; Boughton, 3; Pike, 3; Leland, 2; Ticknor, 2; Steele, 1; Bliss, 1; Jerome, 1—22.
Over pitched balls on which bases were run—Phelps, 2; Massey, 2; Chapman, 1; M. O'Brien, 1.
Total number of catches missed, 32; of wild throws, 29; of muff'd balls, 44; of over pitches, 6. Grand total of mis-plays in the four games, *One Hundred and Eleven!*
Times left on bases—Smith, 3; Pearce, 2; Massey, 2; Chapman, 1; Oliver, 1; Meigs, 1; Bliss, 3; Phelps, 3; Leland, 2; Manning, 1; Jerome, 1; Pike, 1.
Double plays made—Pike and Ticknor, 1; Ticknor and Steele, 1.

MONITOR VS PETER COOPER.—A match was played on the 10th inst., at Green Point, between these two clubs. The batting and fielding was creditable. The following is the score:—

BATTING.

MONITOR.	H.L.	RUNS.
Lyons, p	1	11
Braisted, 1st b	2	10
Selleck, c	3	8
Conlan, s s	2	9
Harwood, 2d b	3	7
Ketellas, r f	2	8
Leon, l f	3	7
Gardener, 1st b	4	5
Sinclair, c f	4	5
Total		70

PETER COOPER.	H.L.	RUNS.
Graham, p	4	3
Bliss, c	1	3
Aaron, 3d b	4	0
Watts, c f	3	1
F. Post, s s	3	1
J. Clarence, 1st b	4	0
Horton, 2d b	3	0
Connelly, l f	2	1
Johnson, c f	3	0
Total		9

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Monitor	9	0	18	6	8	10	7	12	—70
Peter Cooper	0	2	1	0	0	2	0	4	—9

Scorers—Messrs. Mulligan and Doty.
Umpire—Mr. G. Costar.

UNION, OF MORRISANIA, VS HENRY ECKFORD, OF NEW YORK.—On Thursday, the 10th inst., the above clubs made their first appearance, this season, in a home and home match, commenced in the season of 1861. The New York base ball club kindly permitted the use of their ground, at 65th street and Third avenue. A large number of spectators were present. The following was the score;—

BATTING.

UNION.	H. L.	RUNS.
Durrell, 1st b	1	5
Abrams, c	3	4
Hannegan, p	1	4
Pinckney, 2d b	4	3
Gaynor, s s	4	1
Bogle, c f	5	1
Bassford, 3d b	3	2
Collins, l f	4	2
Nicholson, r f	2	4
Total		26

HENRY ECKFORD.	H. L.	RUNS.
H. Dalton, 1st b	3	2
Stillwagon, s s	4	1
Bell, p	2	2
Scheundell, 2d b	3	1
Snow, c f	4	0
Wheeler, 3d b	2	2
Patterson, c	4	0
Lee, l f	2	2
T. Dalton, r f	3	0
Total		10

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	0	0	1	9	5	2	0	5	4—26
Henry Eckford	2	0	1	1	0	1	3	1	1—10

ATLANTIC VS. ECKFORD.—On Friday, 11th inst., these clubs played the first game of their home and home match for 1862, which resulted, after a well played game, in favor of the Eckfords, by a majority of six runs. Last season, prior to the breaking out of the war, the Continental Club, of Brooklyn, for the purpose of adding interest to the then ensuing base ball season, prepared a splendid silver ball to present as a token of honor to the victorious club in a series of matches for the championship. The war sadly interfering with the prosecution of out-door sports last summer, the presentation of the ball was laid over till this season; and the members of the Continental Club have now resolved to present the ball to the Atlantic and Eckford Clubs, its possession to be determined by a home and home match, (best two out of three games) between these clubs. The score:

BATTING.

ECKFORD.	H.L.	RUNS.
Campbell, 1st b	4	2
Manolt, l f	1	5
Spence, r f	3	3
Beach, c	2	2
Mills, p	2	3
Wood, 2d b	3	3
Beach, 3d b	5	0
Josh Snyder, s s	3	1
John Snyder, c f	4	1
Total		20

ATLANTIC.	H.L.	RUNS.
Chapman, c	4	1
Joe Oliver, r f	3	2
C. Smith, 3d b	3	1
P. O'Brien, l f	3	2
R. Pearce, s s	1	3
A. Smith, p	4	1
Crane, c f	3	1
John Oliver, 2d b	4	1
Start, 1st b	2	2
Total		14

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Eckford	4	3	0	2	0	1	5	3	2—20
Atlantic	4	1	6	2	1	0	0	0	0—14

CONSTELLATION VS. ATLANTIC.—A match played on the 4th at Jamaica, between the Atlantic club, of that place, and the Constellation club, of Brooklyn, E. D., resulted in the defeat of the latter. A large number of spectators assembled to witness the game. The playing was, on the whole, rather wild. The Constellation, for some reason or other, did not all come up to their usual standard, and their opponents, although they batted well, did no better in the field. When the return match is played on the Union ground, we have no doubt there will be altogether a different sort of game. The following is the score:—

CONSTELLATION.	H. L.	RUNS.
N Smith, c f	3	1
H Thomas, l f	3	3
J L Smith, 1st b	3	2
Carruthers, 3d b	5	3
Sutton, p	3	3
Redfield, s s	2	3
G Thomas, 2d b	3	1
Lockwood, c	4	2
Maujer, r f	0	5
Total		23

ATLANTIC.	H. L.	RUNS.
Powell, s s	3	5
Mainwaring, c f	2	4
Aliger, 3d b	2	4
Wilkinson, r f	5	1
G Cogswell, 2d b	3	4
Ashmead, c	2	5
Young, p	1	5
T Coggswell, l f	1	3
Hendrickson, 1st b	2	4
Total		35

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	1	8	12	2	1	2	4	3	2—35
Constellation	4	3	3	1	5	1	1	3	2—23

Umpire—M. Rogers, of Resolute club.
Scorers—Grisdale and Johnson.

BASE BALL AT WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.—A match game of base ball was played by the students of Williams College, at Williamstown, Mass., on June 14th. The first nine of the Eckford B. B. C. (Freshmen) challenged the first nine of Olympic (Sophomores) to play a match of New York base ball. The following is the score:—

ECKFORD.	H.L.	RUNS.
Grimwood, c	4	3
Belden, 3d b	5	2
McLane, p	2	3
Emerson, s s	2	4
Masten, 2d b	2	4
Butler, l f	3	2
Goodrich, 1st b	4	1
Hazard, r f	4	2
Eldridge, c f	1	3
Total		25

OLYMPIC.	H.L.	RUNS.
Babb, c	2	3
Paul, p	2	1
Ames, c f	3	1
Smedley, 1st b	3	2
Gasdens, r f	4	0
Haywood, 2d b	4	1
Wallace, 3d b	1	3
Durfee, l f	5	0
Adams, s s	3	2
Total		13

Scorer—For Olympic, Wm. Salcot; for Eckford, G. P. Noble.
Umpire—J. H. Cone.

ANOTHER JUNIOR BASE BALL CLUB has been organized in this city by the name of the Eureka base ball club, of New York, and the following are its officers:—President, M. W. Engle; Vice President, Dan. J. Teff; Secretary, James E. Thorn, and Robert Black, Treasurer. Play days, every Thursday, at Green Point, L. I., on the Oriental's ground. Communications can be addressed to the Secretary, at the Peter Cooper Fire Insurance Co., N. Y.

TROY VS. SARATOGA.—A match game of base ball, between the first nine of the Enterprise Club of Troy, and the first nine of the Pacific Club of Saratoga, was played on the 4th. The Enterprise boys were victorious, the score standing Pacific 12, Enterprise 16.

MANHATTAN VS EAST WILLIAMSBURG.—The first match of the season between these clubs takes place on the grounds of the former, at Hoboken, on the 22d inst.

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EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS,

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PHYSICAL AND MENTAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE,

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1862.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

This is a subject upon which we have continually advanced argument upon argument, and precept upon precept, in reference to its necessity as a recuperative agency in the regeneration of the physical man directly, and intellectual man indirectly. That we have succeeded in doing some good, is undoubtedly a fact, proven by the popularity of physical exercises of various kinds, *since* the first number of the CLIPPER was issued, but little less than ten years ago. Notwithstanding all this, much remains to be done to awaken public attention to this subject, by no means of secondary importance, and we are very glad to welcome into our ranks any one who by pen or practical example aids us in this enterprise; hence our reason for incorporating in this issue an article from the Philadelphia *Sunday Mercury* of a recent date, with which we agree except in its allusion to billiards and one or two other minor particulars. Its arguments and the wants it points out are just as applicable to this city, and even more so, than any other city on this continent. Read what it says:

What we most want in this toiling country is physical exercise. The brain is set going very early in life, and kept going until the oil gives out, and the machine jars and creaks itself still. We find out the impregnable fact that the body is wofully neglected in our loud, tumultuous cities. Their male denizens are nailed down to their business, which is almost always carried on in long, low stores, having an unstable temperature, and an atmosphere thick and poisoned; or else in little offices, which are rarely visited by healthy, genial sunshine, and are impregnated with nauseous exhalations from dirty streets.

In these impure places—doubled up at desks, and cramped behind counters—very many of our mercantile men spend the brightest and best hours of each day, often without so much as a stretch or a stride. When they do go forth into the air and light, it is only for a frenzied plunge through the trade streets, which they traverse with a dangerous velocity, or for a quick passage to the structures they are pleased to call their homes. They are mentally exercised by violent thoughts of money—how to make it, how to increase and multiply it, how to invest it, how not to lose it—not how to enjoy it, or how to live and love life without it. Their arms and legs, their chests and backs, and cheeks—how shamefully these noble possessions are treated! Do they not deem it a bore and a waste of time to engage in bodily exercise of any kind? Do they not signal a car and ride to their destination, rather than seek it afoot? Even when the red, summer sun beats and burns them out of town, and they rush off to the cooler country, do they seek pleasure in long, brisk morning walks over airy hills and fields—in rambles through rough woods—in the active employment of their muscles in hearty, wholesome recreation of any kind? They are to be discovered lounging away the time in arm-chairs on shady porches, surrounded by volumes of tobacco smoke, or making short excursions over marked out routes between the house and the arbor, or the cave, or some other proximate object, or taking lazy views of the fair landscapes from the recesses of close, stiff carriages. They give their frames no chance whatever to strengthen and expand.

Now, it is too late to hope for reform in the ways of those we have been sketching. But our young men and women ought to make the exercise of their bodies one of the serious duties of life. Only look at them! The incipient man (we take an extreme case) is a thin, frail creature. His face is sharp and sallow, and has a bleared and bilious appearance. His back can be spanned with both hands, and there will be some hand to spare. The muscles of his arms consist of long, loose lumps, which yield to the touch; his chest, even with the adventitious aid of stiffened shirt bosom and padded vest, don't protrude perceptibly, and never makes the mildest attempt at a heave; his legs are matters to be implicitly believed in without any solid proof as to their reality. In fact, the last mentioned members have become so appallingly lean and shapeless, that the tailors have established a wide, flappy style of integuments, into which they slip, and are lost, the external effect on the casual observer being agreeably deceptive. The youth spends his spare time in smoking and drinking himself sick, in rotating uncomfortably about a billiard table in a glare of gas and a fog of burning tobacco, in lazily dancing at hot balls and parties, and in the various pursuits which most boys in large cities, who are not tightly annexed to their mothers' apron string, are prone to indulge in. The poor, parched fellow wants active, earnest exercise. He needs it more than Latin lexicon and Greek roots—more than he needs counting-house cultivation or a lucrative situation down town.

The immature lady, as far as we are permitted to judge by her overwhelming and distended dress, is suffering in like manner. Where are the roses which glow on the full cheeks and cherry lips of the unlaced bouncing country girl? Where is the sparkle that lives in the eye of her who spends less time over her whole toilette than our town belle spends over the most insignificant portion of hers, and whose delight is rather to drink in the fresh, bracing breeze of the morning, than the heavy, stifling air of the midnight saloon devoted to mock gaiety and flimsy fashion? Her waist is waspish, her foot is minute, but the chances are strong that she is wearied with the slightest exertion, that she stoops or coughs, or that she blooms not without the aid of rouge. How many of our town ladies (as somebody else has asked) envy the fresh, developed beauty of their kitchen girls?

We want plenty of gymnasiums and all sorts of schools for the body. We want a spacious lot, like the Common in Boston, on which bustling games can be played. We would that the value of skating, and sleighing, and swimming, were thoroughly understood by the young and the old, and that vigorous pedestrianism were not held to be a bore.

It is fearful to observe with what rapidity we are dwindling in stature, and how every generation is more inactive and weaker than its predecessor.

A FRENCH CANTINIERE.—The oldest cantiniere in the French army has just died at Issouden, aged ninety-four. Therese Jourdan, born at Bessancon in 1768, was married in 1783 to Jean Patru, who afterwards became sergeant in the Sixty-ninth brigade. She accompanied her husband in the Italian campaigns of 1796 and 1797, under General Bonaparte. She next went to Egypt; was present at the landing of the army before Alexandria, then at the battle of the Pyramids, and at Kleber's victory near the ruins of Heliopolis. After her return from the east she was present at the battles of Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland, and the campaigns of the Elbe, and the Vistula, and the Nieman. She then followed the army into Spain and Portugal, whence she returned, and, going to Germany again, witnessed the battles of Essling and Wagram. In 1812 she followed the grand army to Russia, and was present at the battle of Moscow, where her husband fell in storming a redoubt. She came back to France with the remnant of the army, and took part in the campaign of 1813; was at Bautzen and Leipsic, and at Waterloo in 1815. When the army was reorganised she was attached to the Fourth regiment of the line, and accompanied it to Spain under the Duke d'Angouleme in 1823. From 1830 to 1834 she was in Africa. In 1859 she went there again with the depot of the Fourth regiment and remained there till 1860. Such are services of this extraordinary woman. She went to Issouden with the depot of the Fourth, the officers of which allowed her a pension, and she had rations with the men, who absolutely idolised her. She had survived all relatives, but never wanted for friends. She retained her faculties to the last, and died without pain. The whole battalion, six hundred strong, attended her funeral, and a sergeant major pronounced an oration over her grave.

AFFECTING ORATOR.—A gentleman observed upon an indifferent pleader at the bar, that he was the most affecting orator he ever heard, for he never attempted to speak but he excited general sympathy.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MC BENTON, Yohoghany P. O., Pa.—You have omitted the solution of your position. If you are a reader of the CLIPPER, you must be aware that a solution is indispensible.

MARY E. M.—Nor we either; but "we shall see."

W. S. K.—Go ahead.

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY, Painesville, Vt.—Just so, exactly. Ruled out.

C. M. WILDER, Peterboro, N. H.—One more left.

P. M. HARWICH.—Your game has been excluded.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 14—VOL. X.

BY J. H. BURNHAM.

White.		Black.	
1..17	13	9	14
2..13	17	14	18
3.. 2	7	3	10
4..20	16	12	19
5..17	14	10	17
6..21	16, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 80th POSITION.

White.		Black.	
1..22	18	13	22

White wins.

GAME No. 14—VOL. X.

Played between our contributor Mr. J. H. Burnham and Mr. Houghton.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black, J. H. B.		White, Mr. H.	
1..11	to 15	22	to 18
2..15	22	25	18
3.. 8	11	29	25
4..11	16(a)	18	15
5..10	19	24	15
6.. 9	14	26	22
7..14	18	23	14
8.. 6	10	15	6
9.. 1	26	30	23
10..16	19	23	16
11..12	19	31	26
12.. 2	6	25	22
13.. 4	8	27	23
14.. 3	12	23	16
15..12	19	32	27
16.. 3	8	27	23
17.. 8	to 12	23	to 16
18..12	19	22	18
19.. 5	9	21	17
20.. 6	10	26	22
21.. 7	11	17	13
22..10	14	13	6
23..14	23	6	2
24..28	26	2	7
25..11	16	7	11
26..16	20	11	16
27..19	23	22	17
28..26	31	16	19(b)
29..20	24	19	26
30..31	13	28	19
31..13	9	19	15
32.. 9	14	Black wins.	

Notes by Ed. D. D.

(a) The usual move is 4 to 8.
(b) An oversight which loses the game at once.

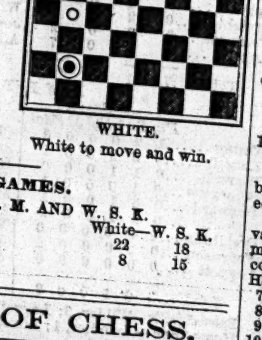
POSITION No. 15—Vol. X.

BY J. H. BURNHAM
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to move and win.

THE 81st POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black—Mary.		White—W. S. K.	
23.. 7	11	22	18
24..15	22	8	15
25..22	26		

THE GAME OF CHESS.

THE FIRST GUN.—Herren Paulsen and Anderssen met each other, for the first time, in the cars in Prussia, on their way to the great "Congress." On reaching Cologne they repaired to a chess resort and contested their first game—a Scotch Gambit—which after a 40-move battle was declared drawn. The following is the opening:

Paulsen.	Anderssen.	Paulsen.	Anderssen.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	7..Q-her 5	Q-K B 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	8..Castles	K B-Kt 5
3..P-Q 4	K P × P	9..P-Q B 3	K B-R 4
4..K Kt × P (1)	Q Kt × Kt	10..P-K 5	Q-K B 4
5..Q × Q Kt	K Kt-K 2	11..Q Kt-Q 2	Castles
6..K B-B 4 (2)	Kt-Q B 3	12..Kt-K B 3	K B-Kt 3,

&c., &c.

(1) Safe, but a most undemonstrative and, we are bound to say—despite the great name—a most uninteresting way of continuing the assault.

(2) "Mr. Paulsen, with his great knowledge of the openings, selected here a move best calculated to develope his game. We believe, however, that a move may be adopted at this juncture which would not only attain that object, but serve considerably to strengthen the attack. The move we venture to suggest is, 6..Q B to K Kt 5th; a close examination will convince the student that the move would exercise a powerful influence on the after game."—*Loewenthal.*

MATCHES IN THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT.—Of the fifteen competitors (No. 16, Mr. Falkbeer, having withdrawn) the play up to June 27, had resulted as follows:

Mr. Anderssen has played six games, and won them all; Mr. Barnes five, of which he has won two; Mr. Blackburn five and won three; Mr. Deacon three and won two; Mr. Green four and lost them all; Mr. Hannah three and lost two; Mr. Loewenthal three and won them; Mr. M'Donnell five and won three; Mr. Mongredien three and lost them; Mr. Owen three and won two; Mr. Paulsen has one game, which he has scored; Mr. Robey three and lost them; and Mr. Steinitz three and lost them. Mr. Dubois had not yet entered the arena.

ENIGMA No. 337.

SECOND PRIZE PROBLEM.—BY HERR CONRAD BAYER.

"Careless of, yet striving for."

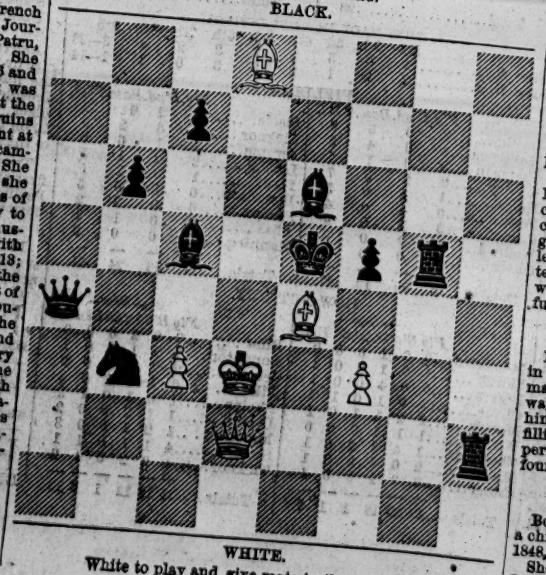
at K R 3, home, K sq, Q Kt sq, Q 2, K B 6, Q B 8, Q 4, and White Pawns at K Kt 4, and K R 4th.

at his 3 K R 2, Q R 7, K Kt 3, K R 3, Q Kt sq, Q sq, Q R 4, and Black Pawns at Q B 2, Q 6, K 5, and K B 2d.

White mates in four moves.—"Extremely fine and difficult."

PROBLEM No. 337.

BY CHAS. A. GILBERG.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME No. 337.

Between our contributors E. Chamier and Jas. A. Leonard.

KIESERITZKY GAMBIT.

Attack, Chamier.	Defence, Leonard.	Attack, Chamier.	Defence, Leonard.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..K B × B (c)	B P × B
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	12..Q-her 2	Q-K B 3
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	13..P-Q B 3	Castles
4..P-K R 4	P-K Kt 5	14..B-K Kt 5	Q-Kt 3
5..K Kt-K 5	P-K B 4	15..Q-K 3	Q R-K sq
6..K B-B 4	K Kt-R 3	16..Q Kt-Q 2	B-K Kt 2
7..P-Q 4	P-Q 3	17..Castles, Q R	K-Kt sq (d)
8..K Kt-Q 3	P-K B 6	18..P-K 5	Kt-K B 4
9..P-K Kt 3 (a)	Q Kt-B 3 (b)	19..Q-K sq	K Kt × Q P
10..Q B-K 3	Q B-K 3	20..Q Kt-K 4	Kt-K 7 +, and

the Attack resigns.

(a) Better to take P with P, and then play Q B to K 3d, or K B 4th.

(b) P to Q 4th is the usual move at this point—but the present seems to be a very good one.

(c) P to Q 5th would be useless—Kt to Q R 4th being the reply.

(d) Preventing P to Q 5th, and Q takes R P.—E. W. B.

Game recently contested between Herren Anderssen and Hirschfeld.—*Bell's Life.*

KIESERITZKY GAMBIT.

Anderssen.	Hirschfeld.	Anderssen.	Hirschfeld.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	17..K Kt × Kt	Q × K Kt
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	18..Q B-Q 2	Q × Kt P
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	19..Q R-Q sq	Q-K Kt 2
4..P-K R 4	P-K Kt 5	20..Q B-home	Q B-Kt 5
5..K Kt-K 5	K Kt-B 3 (c)	21..Q B-Kt 2	Q-K Kt sq
6..K B-B 4	P-Q 4	22..Q-K B 2	Q R-K sq +
7..K P × P	K B-Q 3	23..K-Q 2	Q B × R
8..P-Q 4	K Kt-R 5	24..K R × B	P-K R 4
9..K B-Kt 5 +	K-B sq (f)	25..Q B-B 6	K R-his 3
10..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-his 6	26..Q B-Kt 5	Q-K Kt 2
11..K R-his 2 (g)	Q-K B 3	27..P-Q B 3	K R-Kt 3
12..Q Kt-K 2	K Kt × Kt	28..K B × R	Q × K B
13..Q × K Kt	P-Q R 3	29..Q-her 4	K B-K 4
14..K B-Q 3	Q Kt-Q 2	30..Q-Kt 4 +	K-Kt sq
15..K Kt × P	Q × Q 1st P	31..Q × Kt P (h)	Q-K 5 (i)
16..K R-home	Kt-K B 3	32..Q-her B 6	R-Q Kt sq,

and Herr Hirschfeld wins.

(e) The real defence.—[No better than the classical move.]

(f) Well played! To move the King before castling generally tries the nerves, and is seldom correct; but here Herr H's pawns are so formidable in front he may safely play thus.

(g) Guarding P, but putting R out of play—perhaps, rather, he should risk R to Kt sq.

(h) Taking this P carries the Queen out of play; of which the Defence takes prompt advantage.

(i) Strongly planted.

Since Mr. Paulsen's return to Germany, on the conclusion of his great struggle with Kolisch, he has played with the strongest amateurs in his vicinity, and a few of these *parties* have been published. We take the following from the *Era*, played at the Hameln C. C. It is a sparkling "tit bit."

(Dedicated to the PAULSEN SCHACH CLUB, of N. Y.)

COCHRANE GAMBIT.*

C. Lemke.	L. Paulsen.	C. Lemke.	L. Paulsen.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	7..P to K Kt 3 (b)	Q to R 6 +
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	8..K-his B 2	K Kt-B 3
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	9..Q Kt-B 3	Q-Kt 7 +
4..K B-B 4	P-K Kt 5	10..K-his 3	K B-R 3 +
5..K Kt-K 5	Q-R 5 +	11..K-Q 4 (c)	P-Q 3
6..K-his B sq	P-K B 6 (a)	12..Kt × B 1st P, and Mr. Paul-	

sen gives mate in three moves.

* As we said of its cognate, the "Salvio," we cannot understand why this opening is not called "Cochrane's Defence."

(a) It is playing this move *before* bringing out K Kt, that marks Cochrane's variation to this Defence.

(b) 7..P to Q 4th is the *best* move, with the following probable continuation:—

7..P to Q 4	P × P + *best*	11..Q B × Kt	K B × B
8..K × Kt 2d P	Q-R 6 +	12..Q × Kt P	B-K 6 +
9..K-Kt sq	K Kt-R 3	13..K-Kt 2	Q × Q +
10..K B-home	Q-K R 5	14..K Kt × Q	B × Q P, and

the Defence has an easy game.

(c) The game, quite to this point, may be found in the Handbook, which here gives K to Q 3d, remarking that K to Q 4th is equally disastrous.

(d) We here append one of the most important and instructive variations on the opening arising at the 7th of Attack (*b*)) remarking that, the game, with its variations, forms an admirable corollary to our recent examination of the "Salvio Gambit." Here is a hand-to-hand struggle:—

7..Kt P × P	K Kt to B 3	14..K B to K 2	K B to Kt 4 +
8..P-Q 4 (1)	P-Q 3	15..K home	Q-K R 5 +
9..Kt × Kt P	Q-R 6 +	16..K R-B 2	K B × B
10..K-home	K Kt × Kt	17..Q × K B	Q B × B
11..B P × Kt	K B-K 2	18..K × Q B	Q × K P +
12..K R-B sq	K R-R 5 +	19..Q-K 3	Q × Q +, and
13..K-Q 2	Q B × P	the Defence retains his Pawn,	

with no inferiority of position.

(1) If 8,.B take B P +; or Kt take P, the Defence gets a superior game in a very few moves. *"Au reservoir."*

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER FOURTEEN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

MLLE. JOSEPHINE LOUISETTE.

RIGHT name, Mrs. Josephine Heiskell. Was born in Livingston county, N. Y., in 1837. At a very early age she took to the stage, the death of her father compelling her to do so, we believe, that she might be the means of supporting her mother and educating her brother and sister. Her mother, we are told, had always objected to her playing upon the rope, but she still persisted in so doing, in view of the family claims on her exertions. On Saturday evening, February 5, 1860, she was announced to appear at Volks Garten, New York. In pursuance of announcement, she had terminated the night's performances by a rope ascension from the stage to the gallery, and was in the act of stepping from the cross-tie to the stage, when the very light material composing her dress caught the flame of one of the foot lights, and consequently was immediately in a blaze. The excitement among the audience was intense, in the midst of which the band of the unfortunate woman (who was a musician in the establishment,) accompanied by others, rushed to her assistance, and scorched themselves severely in their endeavors to quench the flames; the poor sufferer, all the while, rushing frantically about the stage, and so increasing the power of the fire, which eventually destroyed every inch of her clothing. As soon as possible she was removed to her residence, No. 85 Forsyth street, and attended by doctors, who immediately declared her case hopeless. All that was left for her was to linger some hours, and then expire, which she did on Sunday morning, at about nine o'clock. She had not long been married, and was at one time a pupil of De Lave, for whose benefit she made her first appearance at the Volks Garten on the Thursday preceding the fatal accident. The coroner's verdict was in accordance with the facts related, added to a censure on the management for not having the stage lamps furnished with the proper guards.

JOHN T. LORTON.

BORN in Spencer county, Ky., in the year 1824. Early in life he moved to the city of New York, where he studied law with Mr. Phœnix, and was admitted to practice; but in 1846, at Pittsburgh, he embraced the histrionic profession, and and soon after that made his *debut* in Cincinnati, and was an acknowledged favorite actor all over the West. There were few men in the profession better adapted to the *roles* of old men than Mr. Lorton, and though he had not arrived at manhood's estate, he was everywhere known as "Old Lorton." He died in Louisville, Ky., October 3, 1860.

It is not alone in the walks of his profession that we shall most miss Mr. Lorton's familiar face and genial kindness of manner. In social life his loss is greatest. Modest, quiet, genial, and warm-hearted, John Lorton was most beloved by those who knew him best. His unobtrusiveness and gentleness of manner, his kindness of heart, his upright frankness of character, his talents, his manliness, and his amiability, have endeared him to all who have ever come within the circle of his influence. The memory of his noble qualities, both of head and heart, will survive while one of his companions live to think of and mourn his untimely loss.

The curtain is down; the lights are out; the house deserted! May we not hope that in the bright world beyond the stars, he is called to higher duties, and nobler stations than he has ever occupied in this? We regret his death, for he had taste and energy, and was in a fair way to attain a handsome competency as the lessee of the Louisville Theatre. He leaves behind him an interesting and lady-like widow, but no children. Poor Lorton! we could have "better spared a better man," but "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

JOHN REED.

BORN in Philadelphia; made his first appearance on the stage in 1831, at the Arch-street Theatre, in his native city. After remaining here a short time, and getting fairly initiated into the ways and life of an actor, he seceded from the Arch, and attached himself to the Walnut, where he remains at the present time, filling the stations of lamplighter, gasman, and captain of the supernumeraries; and a more careful and reliable man cannot be found in the profession.

MISS CLARA REED.

BORN in Philadelphia in 1840; made her first appearance, when a child, at the Walnut-street Theatre, in her native city, Dec. 26, 1848, as Asline, in "The Bohemian Girl."

She was attached to the Arch-street Theatre for several seasons. In 1858, when the Ravel Family were playing in that city, she, owing to some misunderstanding, seceded from the Arch

became a member of that troupe, and for a while she tr
with them. In the fall of 1859, she returned to Philadelph
is at present at the Walnut-street Theatre in that city. S
married to a member of the Ravel Troupe.

ALVIN A. REED.

MADE his first appearance in Philadelphia, November 4,
as Claudius, in "Hamlet." On the 10th of September, 18
married Miss Evelina B. Rogers, daughter of the late Rev.
Rogers, of Cincinnati.

WILLIAM HENRY REED.

BORN in Philadelphia in 1831. His first appearance on the s
was at seven years of age, as a dancer (pupil of D. L. Carpen
at the Walnut, in his native city, for the benefit of Chas. S. Po
Soon after this he appeared at the Arch, in the same city, as
in "Bone Squash." He made rapid progress in his profes
stage, which position he held at the Walnut-street Theatre, Ph
delphia, at the time of his death, which took place Sept. 8, 18
His remains were interred in Odd Fellows' Cemetery. This
tleman, like many other brother-associates, was too fond of
cup, which was eventually the cause of his death. He had
respect of every member of the profession who knew him.
that man should put an enemy in his mouth to steal AWAY
brains."

LOUISA REEDER.

BORN in New York, January, 1837. During the managemen
of Mr. Crisp of the Gayety Theatre, New Orleans, she became
member of his company, but not meeting with the success
anticipated, left the theatre in a very short time. She was th
the wife of Mr. Frank Wright, a physician of Baltimore, fro
whom she was lately divorced.

On the 12th of May, 1857, she appeared at the Holliday-stree
Theatre, Baltimore, as Clara Douglas, in "Money."

Died in New Orleans, April 6, 1859, in consequence of wound
received by the explosion of a lamp filled with camphene. Pr
vious to her death, which did not take place until two days afte
her injuries, she requested to be admitted into communion wit
the Catholic Church, which she was permitted to do, and die
resignedly, with a smile upon her lips.

Miss Reeder had a gift of writing poetry and prose to an extent
which evinced the possession of decided genius. She was gifte
with a fair face and pleasing presence, was graceful in mien an
manner, and amiable in disposition; and those natural grace
were, also, her greatest misfortune. But hers is too sad a story
to tell.

DANIEL REED.

AN American by birth. Was a very useful member of the Par
Theatre, New York, for a number of years. Died in Philadelphia
October, 1836.

The sudden demise of Mr. Reed, while a member of the Walnu
street Theatre, deprived the stage of an able and popular per
former. Mr. Reed retired to his bed on the evening of Thursday
October 6th, apparently in good health, and was found the nex
morning a corpse. The cause of his death remains unexplained
He was, as a general actor, a useful and favorite member of th
profession, and in melo-drama had but few equals. He was es
teemed by his friends as a good-hearted, and talented man.

MISS ANNA WISSLER.

MISS WISSLER is of German parentage, but a Philadelphian b
birth. Her education in the musical art (she can sing in all lan
guages known to it) has been perfected in Europe, where she has
studied under the best masters. Made her *debut* in opera, April
18, 1860, at Winter Garden, New York, under the management of
Max Maretzek, as Orsini, in "Lucrezia Borgia;" her voice is re
markable for its purity and for possessing all the genuine
characteristics of the true contralto. It is of prodigious power
and for this reason somewhat unmanageable, although eminently
dramatic and overwhelming. It seems to be of good compass
and especially rich in the lower tones. She sang down to F with
out effort, and delivered that extreme tone with a roundness
which we have seldom heard equalled.

HENRY SEDLEY.

BORN in Boston, Mass. Son of William Henry Sedley, wel
known as W. H. Smith. Made his *debut* on the London stage in
October, 1858, at the Haymarket, as Don Felix, in "The Wonder."
He was only partially successful, and appeared to have litt
chance of becoming the light comedian of the London stage.

Mr. Sedley was educated at Chauncey Hall School, in Chaunce
street, Boston. He went to California in 1855, thence to Austra
lia and England, making his appearance in the latter place, sup
ported by Mrs. Catharine Sinclair Forrest.

MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,

AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN JAMES.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER FOURTEEN.

UP AND DOWN FLEET STREET, AND A GLANCE AT ITS PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS.

There is perhaps no street in London more familiar by name than Fleet street, and to give a slight idea of this centre of news paper and magazine publishing houses, will be the object of my present letter. You will agree that by this time I ought to know something about London, and can therefore take my word in as serting that for traffic, bustle, and business, it is the street par *excellence*. Though containing but two hundred houses, there are more people, more cabs, omnibuses, traps, carts, and drays, the on any route of treble its dimensions; for some unaccountable reason or other, every body seems to select it for every purpose caring no more for the blockades day after day than though they never existed at all, but apparently delighted in getting jamme up to indulge in their very broad "charff." It is all very well for omnibuses to be permitted to travel here, but why cabbies much delight to get stuck in the mud when their time is so pre cious, and they are so much in demand, in everlastingly rain London, with its black skies, cold, damp, and changeable weath er, is a matter of curiosity, because otherwise they pride them selves on being so all-fired clever at over-doing things; perhaps they have their reasons, and at the same time prefer waiting while to navigating other and wider streets which happen a fe blocks to the right. The great trouble of this city consists there being so few direct thoroughfares, and by taking the tro ble to look at a map, the snakey nature of its highways and by ways will be glaringly seen: this seems to be their hobby—to s how many streets, lanes, courts, alleys, passages, and so forth they can cram inside a square mile to display originality in se lecting names for them; but such names! Why, although the call your plan of numbering streets and avenues simple an childish, such as anybody could do, the man who would attemp to survey a modern city, and give preference to its being la out similar to London instead of New York, would deservedly b designated a lunatic by every country on the face of the earth It won't do, though, to get too warm on this subject, or you w know very little about Fleet street, and consider I'm not sticking to the point: all right, my hearties, suppose we commence again

Taking that ugly, useless nuisance, Temple Bar, as a startin point, the first house is a spectral-looking concern of brow stone front, used as a residence, but by whom occupied is of n consequence. Nos. 4 to 6 have an archway leading to the Inne Temples (don't get led away with "loud" names), consisting lawyers' offices, etc.; 11 to 14, the Union Bank; 15, Rainbow Tav ern, a long way behind our New York dining saloon of mine hos Howell, of the same sign; next to 15 is an old rookery used now as barber shop, formerly palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolse and 48 are several kinds of stores, and a couple of insurance o fices; 49 is *London Society* office, a shilling monthly recently started 56, Comber's Hotel and Discussion Hall, a noted house for risin orators; 57, corner of Bouverie street, always has somebod around the window, gazing on some beautiful specimens of glas work therein; 67, Whitefriars street, has the honor of represent ing the only daily paper not rotten with secession sympathy but whose course has been firm and honest all through the re bellion in vindicating the Union patriots—it is the *Star* and *Dai* the latter a weekly journal, of which *Punch* allowed it ought t be added to the American flag, that is another "star," makin 35, for the course it has pursued. *Punch* didn't wish the *Sta* any good, only fancied he was very cutting and sarcastic—in re turn for which I say hurrah for the *Star*, but *Punch* be d——d; i is *Fun* office, the hunched-back's rival, with a circulation mor than treble the other's would-be comic weekly; 83, *Volunteer Ga zette*, with colored lithographs on view, of Lords Elcho, Raneleigh and Mr. Tom Taylor, dramatic author, in full uniform; 85 *Punch*, whose attempts to be funny are fearfully tame, and sav more of personal spite, venom, and rancor, than trying to amus the public—this also applies to the illustrations, and if *Punch* survives another year it will be because all the real fools are no dead; a passage here leads to St. Bride's Church; 89, *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, sporting and agricultural paper; Salisbur Court contains the *Illustrated Sporting News* and *Penny Newsman* offices; Bride Lane was once notorious for its crowds of bettin men hanging round, to the injury of tradesmen, though not t their own occupations—it is now rid of horse sharps, and look gloomy enough; 100 is graced with the *London American* office which, by the way, is more than a match for all the rebel Gayet ty sheets in great Britain—here it is the delight of hundreds equally with myself, to make a call twice a week to get reliable news and have a peep at all New York daily and illustrated pa pers—in the window are constantly exhibited photographs o Stuart's painting of Washington, Goupil's lithograph, "Defend ers of the Union," photographs of Abe Lincoln, Seward, and al Union generals, the Philadelphia Refreshment Rooms for sol diers, numerous war-maps; and all the latest American papers George Francis Train and S. A. Goddard (also an American) a large manufacturer in Birmingham, are leading contributors and thoroughly good Union men; 104, *Sunday Times*, theatrical sporting, and miscellaneous weekly—this is the last number, a Farringdon street crosses here, but on the opposite side the continue, making 105 opposite 104; nothing special until Racke Court, on this side, where the Printer's Typographical Union have their rooms—they possess a fine library and reading-room

within the building, free to members, and generally well-filled with a somewhat mixed-up crowd—in affectionate proximity comes a police station; 122, *Welcome Guest, Twice a Week*, and *Temple Bar*, a new monthly; 127, *Advertiser*, daily paper, corner of Shoe Lane—opposite is the *Standard*, bribed to advocate secession, and in league with the Confederate Stealing Association—of no consequence whatever; 131, Townsend's Sarsaparilla Depot, with large framed map of New York in window; 135, *Daily Telegraph*, whose circulation is equal to the *Times* and *Standard* combined—its editorials deal very calmly on American affairs, and have great weight from the fact of its being the organ of no clique or party, but emphatically the people's favorite—while every one is aware the *Times* is toady to the aristocracy, and cannot be expected to be otherwise than a one-idead, puffed-up, pea-cock concern. I find, with the exception of drivelling *Punch*, there is not a single daily, weekly, or monthly, who consider the Thundering Liar favorably, so git eout, you cringing cuss, for it's a waste of ink to talk about the two snobs, *Punch* and the *Times*, ain't it? 139, *Weekly Dispatch*, which gives a map of some noted place near every week, as supplement; 145, *Thorley's Paper*; 148, *Sporting Life* and *Eclipse*; 159, *Churchman*; 161, *Watchman*; 162, *Cottage Gardener*; 166, *Mechanics' Magazine*; and 169, *Record* office. Then comes Fetter Lane, leading into Holborn; St. Dunstan's Church, with drinking fountain in front; Chancery Lane, full of lawyers' offices, stationers, and robe makers; and, last of all, 207, facing No. 1, a tobacco-shop and branch post-office. I have now taken you, as it were, up and down Fleet street, and pointed out a few of the noted houses and streets, but add to these about two dozen courts running zig-zag, the fates and the oldest inhabitant only know where, and you can form a slight idea of the importance to London of Fleet street, although on the map it may look *quite* insignificant.

THE LONDON FIREMEN—HOW THEY MANAGE THINGS.

No doubt a little information about the London fire department, or "brigade" as it is called, will be acceptable to the boys who "run wid der machine," for they all read the CLIPPER, and though the subject will not admit of much space, "such as it is give I unto you." In the first place, London firemen are neither paid by the Crown nor are they volunteers—the insurance companies pay them altogether, buy their engines, buckets, axes, helmets, and horses, together with renting the engine-house. I haven't the slightest idea how many "old tubs" there are, but recollect seeing half a dozen at a false alarm in Drury Lane; there is one steamer to my knowledge, located in Watling street—some say three, but its immaterial, as we want no statistics to take up the time. Except when going to a fire, the men wear a sort of worsted bonnet similar to British tars—in fact, they look more like sailors than any body else, barring the coat, which has an oval red badge on the left breast, with number and initials of the company; I don't mean the engines are numbered as in New York, only it is part of an English system of labelling men ready for use. When not otherwise engaged, the firemen sit around the engine-house doors, doing a bit of smoking, spinning yarns, or arguing on American affairs; they have plenty of leisure, because there is no necessity of polishing brass-mountings or washing panels, etc—the machines being in comparison to yours, of the most contemptible build and material, what Forty's fellers would call "regular old wash tubs," fit for members of an Orange brigade, perhaps, though not to be tolerated a single day around Centre Market. In some of their houses, they have beds, while all have to be within calling distance, as only one minute and a half is allowed to wake up and dress—very quick for a John Bull, mind you. Unlike American cities, that excellent system of striking the district simultaneously from all the towers, is unknown here, and as a general thing they get the alarm from some ragged-shouldered (it's all the same in Dutch) street youth, who for the sake of a shilling reward will run his dirty legs off; it is true, large fires may be communicated by telegraph, provided the M. P. has energy enough to get up a run to his station-house, but where it is only a "chimbley," the London Bedouin Arab Rangers have an exciting race for Her Majesty's likeness on silver. At night, they tell me, the "bobbies" spring a rattle for this purpose—I never either saw or heard one of these rattles yet, although the thing might be done easy enough by getting into a jolly row some night to try and secure one as a memento of my visit to Cockaigne, (French for London—Yankee French.)

Talk about soldiers clearing a crowd with bayonets! You ought to see a London fire engine going through the narrowest and most densely populated streets here! It would do you good, sir, if only to watch the lazzaroni using their limbs for perhaps the first time on record. I know its fun for me, and think it would be a first-rate plan to get up a false alarm about twice a day in Drury Lane, to stir up the dry bones of that gin-beset thoroughfare; what says my Lord Shaftsbury, eh! or any other man? What I was going to say is, that on getting the alarm, two horses are hitched in front, half a dozen men with helmets and axes jump on the train, and with a terrible noise, they lash the poor beasts into their wildest speed, dashing pell mell right among the crowd, stopping for nothing or nobody—for why? to put the fire out quick? yes, and something else; the first arriving gets a snug little sum from the insurance, and that goes into their own pockets. Fortunately there are but few accidents, as everybody takes up the cry, and this "racket" gives folks a chance to get out of the way before the bullgine comes. When I first heard their "hoy! hoy!! hoy!!!" I thought a mad bull had got loose from the way everybody made for the doors and sidewalks, and with others I jumped unceremoniously into a tripe shop, but with no idea of purchasing any. In regard to getting water, instead of hydrants there are little squares in the pavements and streets to which hose are attached of sufficient force to keep the machine well supplied though two or three streams were put on, at least such is my belief from hearsay, never having seen a fire here except chimneys, and these were extinguished with a few pails of water.

At various parts of the city, (principally in church yards, however,) are numerous fire-escapes, similar to those recently experimented with in New York, or rather about eighteen months ago; they are very serviceable in saving life and limb, and would be a blessing to many American cities. On placards is printed: "In case of fire, the keys of this church may be had of ——," the sexton, or some shop near by, when the church yard gate has only to be unlocked and off goes the Giraffe for the scene of conflagration. Of course these take the place of "hooks and ladders," and form the only other portion of fire apparatus, as there are no hose carts or hydrant companies whatever. This is all I know about the London fire department—so you know as much as I do now.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

From the Sporting Life, June 18.

JULY 15.—R. Travers and Patsy Reardon—£100 a side, at 10st 2lb, Home circuit.
21.—Dan Crutchley and Tom Allen—£25 a side, at 9st 10lb, Midland district.
22.—George Leach and Jem Paul—£15 a side, at 9st 8lb, Cheltenham.
29.—H. Burgess and Patsy Marley—£50 a side, Liverpool.
AUG. 5.—Jack Brookes and Tiny Tom—£25 a side, at 8st 10lb, Home circuit.
5—Jerry Regan and Barney Regan—£10 a side.
19.—Young Dove and J. Jones—£25 a side, 8st 8lb, Home Circuit.
26.—Peter Morris and Young Holden—£50 a side, 8st, Home circuit.
NOV. 25.—Jack Hicks and James Gollagher—£100 a side, at 9st, Home circuit.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND TOM KING.—$400 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—The mill between these old opponent's is fixed for November next. £25 a side is now dow down, and the next deposit of £15 a side was to be staked at Nat Langham's, on July 3.

BOB TRAVERS AND PATSY REARDON, £200, AT 10ST 2LB.—The next deposit of £10 a side was to be deposited on June 25.

JEM GOLLAGHER AND JACK HICKS, £200, AT 9ST.—The deposit due was duly posted, and the next has to be staked at a house to be named by Gollagher.

LYNCH AND EDWARDS.—Another deposit of £2 10s a side has been made good between Charley Lynch and Edwards, of Newcastle; the next was to be made on Wednesday, June 25.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FOUR MILES MATCH FOR £50.—On Monday, June 23, a four miles contest, for £50, came off at the Victoria Gardens, Yarmouth, between S. Barker, of London, and J. Tuck, of Fakenham, Norfolk. The distance was divided into thirty-two laps, the excellent course extending over 220 yards. The men were much behind their time in coming to the scratch, but they started even in good style; and for the first lap there was scarcely any difference in their positions. In the next two or three laps, however, Barker went to the front, and began to leave his opponent behind; and the result of the remainder of the first mile was, that Tuck was placed at an increased and increasing disadvantage. In the second mile, Barker went still further ahead, and when he had completed his sixteenth lap, Tuck, who was more than 100 yards behind his still vigorous opponent, fairly gave in, and retired from the contest. Barker, who had completed the two miles in 9½ minutes, did not relax his pace when left to himself, but went steadily on to the close, doing the whole four miles in about 20 minutes. The supporters of Tuck seemed a good deal disappointed at the result of the match, but it was evident from the first that the countryman was no match for the Billingsgate Champion.

A CHALLENGE FOR DEERFOOT AND THE AMATEUR CHAMPION.—Edward Mills (the Six Miles Champion) seeing a match in contemplation between Deerfoot and Captain Patten Saunders, he (Mills) wishes to join in a sweepstakes with them, each to stake £200, the winner to take the whole of the £600. To run either in an enclosed ground or on a race-course, but an enclosed ground would be preferred; or he will run either of them a separate match of eight miles, for £100 or £200 a side.

AQUATICS AT OXFORD.

UNIVERSITY SILVER SCULLS AND MEDAL.—The conclusion of the racing for the distinction of holding the silver sculls and medal took place on Saturday, June 21. The weather was fine but somewhat cold, nevertheless there was a large attendance to witness the race between Mr. Poole, who won the final heat on Friday, and Mr. Woodgate, the present holder of the sculls. Both the competitors had plenty of friends, and the slightest shade of odds on either side were readily taken. Mr. Poole won the toss, and chose the first position. On the word "off" being given, Mr. Poole went away at a good pace, and Mr. Woodgate, nothing daunted, went manfully to work; at the Gut he had gained a little. From this point a splendid race ensued, both steering very well, and notwithstanding Mr. Poole made some spurts, he could not prevent Mr. Woodgate from gaining on him, and finally going in a winner by two boats' lengths. Mr. Poole gave up, dead beat, twenty yards from home. Mr. Woodgate thus becomes the holder of the sculls for another year. Both gentlemen rowed in boats built by Messrs. Salters; Mr. Poole's boat being a splendid piece of workmanship, built expressly for this race.

UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE PAIR-OARS.—These annual races took place on the following Thursday and Friday. The weather being fine, there was a large attendance, the Collegians mustering in strong force. There being four crews entered, the winners were entitled to receive the silver cups. The course was from Iffley to Oxford. Time race.

FIRST HEAT.

Shepherd, B. N. C.; Woodgate, B. N. C. (stroke)........ 1
Harris, B. N. C.; Pocklington, B. N. C. (stroke)........ 2

This was a leisure row for Woodgate and Partner, who won very easily, Pocklington going into bank near the Cherwell.

SECOND HEAT.

H. Norsworthy, Magdalen; Monck, Magdalen (stroke)........ 1
Carr, Wadham; Poole, Trinity (stroke)........ 2

Mr. Poole was the favorite at starting. Both crews went away at a great pace, but did not gain on each other. They continued to row in this position until reaching the Gut, where Poole and partner's steering was middling, which enabled Mr. Monck to get away from them. From this point a splendid race ensued, Mr. Poole making up their lee-way by some fine rowing; Monck, rowing with great gameness, put on some capital spurts. On nearing the winning flags, the excitement was great; but Mr. Monck and partner went in the winners by two seconds.

JESUS COLLEGE PAIR-OARS.—This race came off on Thursday afternoon, but the interest was chiefly confined to its own members. There were only two crews entered. The course was from the Gut to Salter's Barge.

Foulke Jones; Thomas (stroke)........ 1
E. Jenkins; Nesbit (stroke)........ 2

They kept level to Saunders' Bridge, where Thomas drew ahead, and won by a boat's length.

Friday—There was again a large attendance to witness the final heat that evening. Mr. Monck and partner had the first position. A very even start was made, and both crews rowed remarkably well. There was no perceptible change on reaching the Long Bridges; but on coming under the Willows, Mr. Monck came over too soon, and lost a little ground. From this point a very determined race took place, and Mr. Woodgate putting on a capital spurt at the finish, went in a winner by a boat's length. Mr. Woodgate and partner were slightly the favorites. Mr. Woodgate has thus the oars two years in succession, although this year with another partner.

Shepherd, B. N. C., Woodgate (stroke)........ 1
Norsworthy, Magdalen, Monck (stroke)........ 2

THE TRIGGER.

SWISS RIFLE SHOOTING AT HORNSEY WOOD.—On Saturday, June 21, the members of the Swiss Rifle Society, held their monthly meeting, to shoot for various prizes, medals, &c. As will be seen on reference to the score, M. Barbezat (who was only on a visit to England) took the first prize, beating the hitherto invincible M. Guillaume. Score:—

Milleret	3 2 4 3 3 2 4 4 4 3 3 3 3 1 3 1 2 4 3 2—57
W. Stram	3 3 4 4 1 2 4 4 1 0 4 4 2 3 3 0 3 3 2 3—53
A. Stram	1 2 4 1 3 3 2 2 3 0 3 3 3 4 2 3 4 4 4 1..52
Turian	5 4 2 4 4 2 4 2 2 2 3 2 4 3 3 3 3 3 2 3—60
Guillaume	3 3 3 4 4 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 2 4 3 1 2—67
Barbezat	4 2 4 3 3 2 4 4 2 4 4 3 4 4 3 3 3 4 5 4—69
Courvoisier	1 1 1 4 1 3 2 2 3 1 4 1 2 2 5 3 2 3 3 4—48
H. Simond	1 0 2 3 0 4 4 0 2 4 2 0 2 1 5 0 2 2 1 2—37
F. Simond	2 0 2 0 4 1 4 4 0 3 3 3 2 3 4 1 3 2 4 2—50

On the following Tuesday, a number of the members of the Aristocratic Club met at Hornsey Wood, and shot several sweepstakes. The first was taken by Mr. Henbry, after tying with Messrs. Williams and Chaplin. The second was divided by Messrs. Thompson and Robertson; the third by Col. Annesley and Lord Stormont; the fourth by Messrs. Gilmour and Spencer Lucy; and the fifth was won by Mr. Lucy. The Hon. G. H. Heathcote, M. P., and Lord Stormont also shot a match at twenty birds each, 30 yards rise, from five traps, which was won by his lordship, he being at the nineteenth round, three birds ahead.

On Friday, June 27, the Handicap, open to all comers, 2 sovs. each; seven birds each, from five traps; was brought to a satisfactory conclusion in the presence of a good number of spectators. The first prize (£17) was taken by Mr. Spencer Lucy, killing six; and, as a proof of the fairness of the handicap, six out of the remaing twelve tied for the second prize; and in shooting off for which, bird for bird, four rounds had to be got through ere it was decided, Mr. Bailey taking the second prize, and Mr. Harris the third. Score:—

Mr. Spencer	29½ yards	1 1 1 1 0 1 1—6
Mr. Harris	27½	1 1 1 1 0 0 1—5
Mr. Page (post entry)	29	1 1 0 1 1 1 0—5
Mr. Fowler	29	1 1 1 1 0 0 1—5
Mr. Herfield	27	1 1 0 1 0 0 —3
Mr. Webb	27	0 0 1 1 0 1 —3
Mr. Moore	28½	1 1 0 1 0 1 1—5
Mr. George	28½	0 0 1 1 0 —2
Mr. Preston	29	0 0 0 —0
Mr. Bernum (post entry)	26½	0 0 0 0 1 0 1—2
Mr. Wilson	30	1 1 0 0 0 —2
Mr. Bailey	26½	1 1 0 1 1 0 1—5
Mr. E. Smith	27½	1 0 1 0 1 1 1—5

Ties for the Second Prize—Bird for Bird.

Mr. Bailey	1 0 1	Second prize, £8.
Mr. Harris	1 0 0 1	Third prize, £3 14s.
Mr. Fowler	0	
Mr. Moore	0	
Mr. Smith	0	

QUOITING IN SCOTLAND.

An extraordinarily interesting quoiting competition for £25 a side, took place on Thursday week, June 19, at Wast Linton Green, in presence of upwards of 1,000 spectators, including the sporting "fancy" for twenty miles around, and all the *elite* and celebrities of that beautiful and attractive neighborhood. The day fortunately proved remarkably fine and suitable for the work on hand, scarcely a breeze disturbing the spring serenity of the salubrious air. Herbert's well-known lines—

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky"—

would only fitly designate the mild etherealness which glowingly reigned on the auspicious occasion. The rinks were in tip-top order, and each of the men appeared in the best possible fettle, both of body and mind—brimful of vigor and confidence to win the prize, and exhibit the skill and reputation for which individually they are so eminently and extensively distinguished in their several districts. The names of the contending chieftains assembled in the present quoiting arena, were James Inch (*alias* "the Biggar Buffer"), T. E. Graham (*alias* the "Wast Linton Laddie"), James Thorn (*alias* the "Newlands Nailer"), and John Porteous (*alias* the "Edinburgh Slasher"). The two first-mentioned formed one side as partners against the two latter on the other side. Willie Small, the renowned Eddlestone champion, acted as second to the "Buffer," and the "Laddie," and Willie Ferguson, the "Crack o' the Blair Bog," did the needful in the same capacity to the "Nailer" and the "Slasher." John Porteous, Esq., of Whim, Justice of the Peace for Cowden Burn and Keltie Green, kindly officiated as referee, and in company with James Mark, Esq., of Deanshouses, gave support and countenance to the ancient Roman and athletic encounter. As has been said, each of the competitors is the pet and choice of the quoiters whose *locale* is the unconquered and unconquerable "Caledonia, stern and wild," and each has already gained prizes sufficient in number and in rank to substantiate most superior excellence and satisfy the natural ambition which ever dwells in the breast of heroes throughout every department of glory. These trophies, amounting to upwards of two scores, and consisting of elaborately wrought medals and fancifully worked and ornamented purses, through the chinks of which latter "the yellow lettered Geordies had keeked," were displayed in front of the Grand Stand, to which they gave the gay resemblance of a well-appointed and *recherche* bazaar. The "Buffer" and the "Laddie," as the decided favorites, stood for a long time at 3 to 1, at which odds they were freely canvassed by their friends up to the day of the match, when, owing to the constant practice and perfect play of the "Nailer" and the "Slasher," the offers fell to 2 to 1, which preference was not increased, but confidently held throughout the whole of the highly interesting and exciting contest. A great deal of money changed hands. Several hundred pounds must have been pocketed and lost in this rather sequestered but very picturesque neighborhood during the resolute and eventful tournament.

At two o'clock P. M. the splendid band of the Grange Rifle Volunteers marched through the village, playing the most chivalrous airs; and thus, as was arranged, inviting to, and intimating the approach of the time agreed upon for commencing the friendly hostility, which had been fixed for half-past two precisely. The match was for the first sixty-one shots; the rinks were of the usual twenty-one yards in length, with clay ends, and the quoits thrown varied in weight from 6lb to 8lb each, the "Biggar Buffer's" being a little over this latter standard, and presenting, like himself, the finest possible make, finish, and temper. The toss for first play was won by the "Buffer," who at once, without the slightest parley, led off in magnificent style, which called for the resistless and echoing cheers, as well as the wonder and admiration of every beholder, his quoit cleanly taking down the paper, and resting in the most secure position on the very top of the pin. The others followed with almost like excellence, and during the whole length of the game, the play was such as only the grand *maestros* of this fine, old, invigorating sport could hope, after years of continual and careful practice, to achieve. Fluctuations, of course, frequently occurred during the ardent and high-pressure progress to the goal, and, as might be expected, occasioned the most thrilling watchfulness and anxiety. At half-way, the score stood 30 to 31, and at 52, for the fifth time, the sides were equal, clearly showing the splendid pluck and equality of the antagonists. The game closed amid resounding shouts, by the proclamation of victory being made in favor of the "Buffer" and the "Laddie," who made the decisive 61, while the "Nailer" and the "Slasher" were loth to be constrained to tarry at 55. In justice, we must add that the "Nailer" played A 1, and took some almost incredibly fine and scientific shots, and that the "Slasher" held on from first to last with a precision that often won the applause of the assembled throng, and carried the score to his own and partner's rent-roll. The "Laddie" likewise showed beautiful play, and more than once turned the receding into an advancing tide, by the dexterous "stumpers" which ever and anon he sent deftly into the unassailable "buzzum."

Beyond all question, however, the Wallace of the noble quoiting fraternity here convened the real "King o' the Causey" and "Cock o' the North" was the matchless Inch, the "Biggar Buffer," who cheerily blew up the coals, and put on the steam with a coolness, determination, judgment, and certainty that never knew fear, and rarely experienced failure or disappointment. His vigorous and unerring aim was truly astonishing. Without exaggeration, the day's play was on all hands allowed to be the finest ever witnessed here, and well worthy a journey in "the lang, lang days o' simmer," to behold and enjoy. A quoit rarely exceeded six inches from the tee; a much nearer measurement might have sufficed to determine an average distance; and it was observed that the paper was never missed consecutively by three players during the whole game. Vociferous plaudits sounded "over the hills and far away," on the conclusion of the warfare, which occurred about eight o'clock on this most pleasant evening. A jolly old Scotch custom was merrily practised on the festive occasion by the losers presenting a tumbler of toddy, brewed on the spot, to each of the winners, who immediately drank it off with the highest relish, while the band struck blithely up the genially-inspiring air of "Auld Lang-syne." Being then dusk, four candles were quickly obtained, lighted, and held in the hands of the "Slasher" and the "Nailer," whilst the band led off with the requisite music, and the "Biggar Buffer" and the "Wast Linton Laddie" there and then, with the greatest glee and agility, danced the Highland fling on the velvet sward, amid the exuberant but inoffensive mirth of the delighted spectators.

The players, committee, and numerous friends, afterwards adjourned to the "Black Yett" Hotel, near bonnie Cowie's Linn, where, like

"Habbie's Howe,
A' the sweets o' spring an' simmer growe,"

and jovially passed the remainder of the evening in luxuriance of social talk, toasts, and toddy; winding up, as all should who desire to properly end an agreeable day's exploits, by gallantly "going home with the girls in the morning."

QUOITS.—The second match between Ferguson and Parkinson, took place on Monday, June 23d, at Kentish Town, and resulted in favor of Ferguson, who scored 61 to his opponent's 19.

CRICKET.

CAMBRIDGE VS. OXFORD.—The two cricketing elevens of these seats of learning played their annual match at Lord's, which, after two days brilliant play, terminated in a victory for Cambridge, by eight wickets, on Tuesday, June 24. The matches won and lost by these famous elevens are as follows:—

OXFORD WON.	CAMBRIDGE WON.
1836 by 121 runs,	1839 in one innings by 125 runs,
1838 by 98 runs,	1840 by 63 runs,
1846 by 3 wickets,	1841 by 8 runs,
1852 in one innings by 76 runs,	1842 by 162 runs,
1853 in one innings by 16 runs,	1843 by 53 runs,
1854 in one innings by 8 runs,	1845 by six wickets,
1855 by 3 wickets,	1847 by 138 runs,
1857 by 81 runs,	1849 by three wickets,
1858 in one innings by 36 runs.	1851 in one innings by 4 runs,
	1856 by 3 wickets,
	1859 by 28 runs,
	1860 by 3 runs,
	1861 by 133 runs.

In 1844 the match was not played out. The score;—

CAMBRIDGE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
G Booth h w b Walker	7	b Daubeny	0
Hon. T De Grey c Risdale b Daubeny	20	not out	22
Hon C G Lyttelton b Daubeny	0		
H M Marshall, Esq, c Haygarth b Reade	31	not out	0
W Bury s Hagarth b Reade	14		
A W Daniel b Walker	30	c Haygarth b Reade	27
H M Plowden b Reade	4		
R Lang, c and b Reade	0		
M T Martin c Hume b Daubeny	13		
G F Helm c Haygarth b Mitchell	0		
H W Salter not out	32		
Byes, 8, l b 6, w 3, n b 3	20	Wide 1, no ball 2	3
Total	171	Total	52

OXFORD.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
E Hume c Martin b Salter	2	b Lang	0
R D Walker b Salter	0	b Lyttelton	1
F G Ingé b Salter	1	c Lyttelton b Plowden	22
R A Mitchell b Plowden	37	b Lang	53
T P Garnier b Salter	0	b Lang	21
H S Reade b Lang	9	c Marshall b Lyttelton	19
S O Risdale b Lang	0	b Plowden	0
J W Haygarth not out	8	b Helm	6
S Linton b Lang	0	b Lang	20
C A Garnett b Lang	0	b Salter	1
E T Daubeny b Lang	4	not out	0
Bye 1, leg bye 1, wide 1	3	Byes 4, l b 4, w 6, n b 1	15
Total	64	Total	138

Umpires—George Chatterton and Thomas Hearne.

SURREY VS. KENT.—The first match this season, between these two great cricketing communities, was commenced on Monday, June 23, at Canterbury, and on Tuesday afternoon was concluded in favor of Surrey, by eight wickets; a result mainly attributable to the very fine bowling of Caffyn, who took thirteen Kent wickets. Score:—

KENT.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
J Burton b Batchelor	5	c Mortlock b Caffyn	0
W H Fryer c Griffiths b Caffyn	27	c Pooley b Caffyn	18
G Bennett c Lockyer b Caffyn	3	b Stephenson	9
E Willsher c Mortlock b Caffyn	0	c Dowson b Stephenson	0
F Norman, Esq., run out	6	b Caffyn	0
G M Kelson, Esq, b Sewell	3	c Lockyer b Caffyn	0
W Goodhew not out	11	b Caffyn	18
J A Pepys, Esq, b Caffyn	9	c Cæsar b Caffyn	5
W Hopkinson b Caffyn	9	b Caffyn	0
G Baker c Caffyn b Sewell	5	not out	1
J Wells c and b Caffyn	4	l b w b Stephenson	0
Leg byes 3, wides 7	10		
Total	83	Total	43

SURREY.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
W Mortlock b Willsher	15	not out	5
J Cæsar c Willsher b Baker	29	b Wells	3
G Griffith b Bennett	4	c Fryer b Willsher	5
W Caffyn c Kelson b Wells	12	not out	3
E Dowson, Esq, b Willsher	19		
T Lockyer b Willsher	9		
T Sewell b Wells	1		
H H Stephenson b Willsher	2		
F P Miller, Esq, c Norman b Willsher	13		
E Pooley not out	7		
A Batchelor b Wells	1		
Wides	2		
Total	114	Total	16

CRICKET.

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AMSTERDAM VS. RENSSELAER.—A fine match was played between the Amsterdam and Rensselaer County Cricket Clubs, on Weir's Course, the grounds of the latter club, on the 7th of July. The number of spectators was very large, considering the intense heat of the weather. The Amsterdam boys made 79 runs in two innings, the Rensselaer, 80 runs. After a long-contested struggle the latter was proclaimed victor, having six wickets to go down. The "Amsterdamers" are not dismayed, and a return match will be played on their grounds early in August.

A SEVEN MILES WALK.—Quite an exciting foot race came off at East Hampton, Mass., on the 4th. Two gentlemen, one of them Mr. Albert H. Fernold, made a wager that they could run from that village to Holyoke, a distance of seven miles, in one hour and forty-two minutes. The wager was a basket of wine. The feat was accomplished in one hour and forty minutes, and the wine forked over by E. B. Leavitt, "the man as knows how to keep" the Holyoke House.

FOOT RACE IN CALIFORNIA.—A foot race took place over Jeffrey's race course, Nevada, on Saturday afternoon, June 7, between two men named Rouse and Bartlett, for $500 a side. It was won by the latter. Distance, one half mile. Time, 2 minutes and 3 seconds.

SWIFT LOCOMOTION.—Mr. Erhart, engineer on the locomotive Rochester, which drew the Cincinnati express train from Buffalo to Rochester, on the night of the 4th of July, made the run from Batavia to that city, a distance of 38 miles, in thirty-four minutes and twenty seconds. Pretty fast, that.

A WORD ABOUT DINNERS.—Would you eat healthful dinners? Eat slowly. Would you eat social dinners? Eat slowly. Would you eat a relishable dinner? Eat slowly. Please suffer a word of exhortation—Eat slowly.

THE TURF.

NEW YORK RACES—UNION COURSE, L. I.

SECOND DAY.

The second, like the first day of this series of running, was, so far as the weather was concerned, all that could be desired; though warm, the sun was obscured, while there was breeze sufficient to straighten the flags. The fine field of horses were in good trim, and what was better still, 'all eager for the fray,' answered the ring from the Judges stand. This splendid string of high bred flyers were composed of Laura Farris, Wagram, Avalanche, Bettie Ward, Trovatore, Sailor Boy and Sunshine; as fine a group of thoroughbreds as were ever congregated on any course of America, many of them having had their names enrolled upon the record of fast time on account of brilliant performances on the turf. In spite of this array of blood, we have again to record a most meagre attendance. All told, the number present would not exceed five hundred, a number which is equalled any fine Sunday afternoon on Luff's piazza, at Harlem Lane, to witness the performances of our well known roadsters. There was little betting on the event—and little or no enthusiasm. One almost felt the sensation of loneliness—all appeared disappointed. Previous to the start, Laura Farris had the call, Wagram second, and Trovatore, on account of his fine performances on the "Fourth," was the third favorite, Sailor Boy next, and little or no choice was expressed as between Bettie Ward and Sunshine. At the call, they all appeared at the post in the following order:—Laura Farris inside, next Sailor Boy, Avalanche, Sunshine, Trovatore, Bettie Ward, with Wagram on the outside. After a good send off, Laura Farris took the lead, having Wagram and Trovatore pressing her close, Wagram showing a peculiar desire to wrest the laurels from the Kentucky mare, but she passed the judges stand on the first mile about a length in front in 1:55. On the second turn Laura was fairly lapped by Wagram, and a desperate struggle ensued, but the mare threw him off and came home winner of the heat in 3:46¼—Wagram second, Avalanche third, Trovatore fourth, followed at some distance by Bettie Ward, Sailor Boy, and Sunshine, who jogged in. Laura still held her place in the betting, but the friends of Wagram had increased in confidence and called him for the first place in the ensuing heat. The horses cooled off well with the exception of Bettie Ward, who appeared sulky and indisposed to face the music again. There were two or three false starts, after which they got off well together—Laura Farris, Trovatore, and Sailor Boy comprising the leading group, with Wagram, Avalanche, Bettie Ward and Sunshine close upon their tracks. At the half-mile pole Sailor Boy fell off, the others running well together—Laura passed the score ahead on the first mile in 1:52½, closely followed by Trovatore and Avalanche, Wagram, apparently in hand, keeping company with the others—he occupied the fourth position in the race, but as events proved, was biding his time to show one of the finest bursts of speed ever witnessed: Just before reaching the half-mile pole he seemed to fly, and in a shorter space of time than it could be written, had glided by his several opponents, challenged the favorite, and amid cheers (the first genuine ones we had heard), was leading Laura Farris. The mare was game, and struggled on to the end, but Wagram came home about a length in advance, amid the hurrahs of his friends and backers, winning the heat in 3:44½, with Laura second, Avalanche third, Trovatore fourth, followed by Bettie Ward and Sailor Boy, with Sunshine distanced. Wagram was now the decided first favorite, selling at from 70 to 80 in pools of 100 dollars. After this heat, Sailor Boy was drawn by his owner, and Sunshine having been declared distanced, there remained only five to contend for the honors and the third heat. At the start, Bettie led, followed by Wagram, Trovatore next, Avalanche fourth, and the Kentucky mare last. With little change in position, the first mile was run in 2:05. Shortly after passing the stand, Wagram made a dash for the lead, which was inch by inch contested for by Trovatore and Avalanche, it being evident that neither Bettie Ward or Laura Farris had any chance. Wagram, however, got the lead, and after a desperate struggle, came in winner of the heat and race in 3:53¼. Summary:—

UNION COURSE, L. I.—RACING.—New York Races—Second Day—Monday, July 7, proprietor's purse, $600, two mile heats, closed with the following entries:—

John M Clay entered b c Wagram, 4 years old, by Yorkshire, dam Topaz, by Glencoe, rider's dress blue and blue	2	1	1
T G Moore entered br m Laura Farris, 6 years old, by Lexington, dam by imported Margrave, blue and blue	1	2	4
C S Lloyd entered br h Avalanche, 4 years, by Revenue, dam Sallie Ward, purple and white	3	3	2
P C Bush entered b h Trovatore, 6 years old, by Monarch, dam Madonna, by imported Yorkshire, red and lilac	4	4	3
C W Weldon entered b m Bettie Ward, 5 years old, by Lexington, dam by Whalebone, red and maroon	5	5	5
Zeb Ward entered b h Sailor Boy, 5 years old, by imported Yorkshire, dam by imported Herald, red and pink	6	6dr	
John Hunter entered br c Sunshine, 3 years old, by Balrownie, dam imported Comfort, blue and white stripe	7	dis	

TIME.

	1st heat.	2d heat.	3d heat.
1st mile	1:55	1:52½	2:05
2d mile	1:51¼	1:52	1:48¼
	3:46¼	3:44½	3:53¼

For the second race there were but two contestants. Little or no interest was manifested in the result; what little betting took place was in favor of Miss Jessie at long odds. The favorite took the lead at the start, and was not once headed during the dash, and came home an easy winner in 2:46. Summary:—

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 yrs olds—P.P., mile and a half out.

John Hunter's ch f Miss Jessie........ 1
Zeb Ward's b f by Lexington........ 2
Time—2:46.

NEW YORK RACES.—ABRUPT FINISH.—The attempt to revive racing in New York commenced on the 4th of July, and was summarily brought to a close on Monday, the second day of the proposed programme. The speculation proved a total failure. The cause cannot be laid to the account of the Western turfmen; they, with one exception, were on the ground with their stables, and a finer string of horses were never shown on the old Union Course. The handicap of Saturday, and the two miles race of Monday, were as finely contested as any ever seen on this continent, the entries representing some of the best racing stock in the land. Yet in the face of all this array of noted horse flesh, and of all the flaming promises that had been made, the public failed to respond, and the *management* resolved to suspend operations here and try their fortune in the City of Boston. We judge of the future by the past, and we do not hesitate to predict a like result in "the land of steady habits." Interested parties will ascribe the failure to the distracted state of affairs, the scarcity of money, the lack of employment by the masses, &c.; but we say that it was lack of confidence in parties who were the prime movers in the affair, and that the victimized public had not forgotten the operations of a self-constituted club which, some time since, promised so much and performed so little, some of whose expenses still remain unpaid, and by whom the large sums of money collected from gentlemen in this city and vicinity were squandered by those within the ring, of which no account ever has, or, probably, ever will be rendered to the interested sufferers. This, we affirm, was one cause of the lack of public patronage. If gentlemen of the North desire the revival of racing, they must take the reins into their own hands; keep aloof from the cliques who for some years past have assumed control; establish a jockey club of untarnished reputation; give liberal purses, or valuable pieces of plate, and we vouch for it the North and South will again come forward in generous rivalry, and patronize legitimate and honest racing.

TROTTING AT LOWELL, MASS.—A trot took place at the Fair Grounds in Lowell, on the 4th, between White Chief, of Boston, entered by R. L. Flanders, and Trotting Childers, of Bradford, entered by A. Maynard. Mr. F. drove his own horse, and Bill Woodruff held the reins over Childers. On tossing for the pole Chief got the inside. After starting several times, the horses were off for the first heat, White Chief slightly ahead, but Childers soon overhauled him. On the second round, the Chief again recovered his lost ground; but on the home stretch Childers came up, and lead him on passing the judge's stand about a neck, winning the heat in 2:39.

On the second heat, Childers was slightly ahead on the start, and increased the distance, but on the second round, the Chief showed a disposition to overhaul his opponent; Childers soon shook him off, and came home two or three lengths ahead, in 2:41.

The third heat was a good start, but Childers, for some reason, lagged, giving the Chief the advantage, who refused to resign it, and came to the judge's stand half a length ahead, in 2:42½.

An interest now began to be felt in the result, and when they started evenly for the fourth heat, the opinions of the spectators were very evenly divided. The horses kept together for the whole distance, scarcely varying two feet, and as they came to the judge's stand, Childer's horse was scarcely the length of his nose ahead. Complaint of foul driving was made on the part of Chief's driver, and the spectatators rushed towards the stand calling out "the black," "the grey," "a dead heat," as their preferences dictated; but the judges were disposed to act as they thought proper, and gave the heat and race to Trotting Childers, in 2:42. The following is a

SUMMARY.

AGRICULTURAL TROTTING PARK, July 4th, 1862. Trot for a purse of $100, $25 to the second best horse; mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness.

R L Flanders' b g Trotting Childers........ 1 1 2 1
A Maynard g g White Chief........ 2 2 1 2
Time—2:39; 2:41; 2:42½; 2:42.

TROTTING AT FITCHBURG, MASS.—A trot took place on the Riding Park there, on the 4th inst., for a purse of $75, $25 to second best; mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness.

W W Comer named b g Buchanan........ 1 1 1
S H Houghton named r g Benicia Boy........ 3 2 2
George P Maynard named s g Grab-all........ 2 dis
T Johnson named b m Empress........ drawn
Time—2:46; 2:41½; 2:43½.

Also, the same day, a purse of $25, $10 to second best horse mile heats, best 2 in 3, to harness.

L P Camee named r g Vermont Ploughboy........ 2 1 1
George P Maynard named b m Comfort........ 1 2 2
Time—2:51; 2:50; 2:48.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
THOMAS MAGUIRE, and JOHN TORRENCE, } Proprietors and Managers.
J. B. BOOTH, Stage Manager.
J. L. SCHMIDT, Musical Director.
THE STAR COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.
Dress Circle.....$1 | Orchestra Seats.....$1
Parquet.....50 cts | Second Circle.....25 cts
Private Boxes....$5 and $10.
Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Seats secured three days in advance.
N. B. Stars visiting California should remember that Mr. Maguire is also proprietor of the Varieties and Hayes' Park, San Francisco; the Metropolitan Theatre, Sacramento; and Theatres in Marysville and Stockton. 10-tf

AMERICAN THEATRE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
W. H. LEIGHTON.....Sole Lessee and Manager.
SHERIDAN CORBYN.....Acting Manager.
The public are respectfully informed that this beautiful Theatre has been opened with the
GREATEST COMBINATION OF
OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC TALENT
Ever concentrated in any Theatre in this State, including
MRS. W. H. LEIGHTON, MISS LIZZIE PARKER,
Mrs. J. R. Saunders, M'me Schwazulé,
Miss Mowbray, Mrs. Burrill,
Miss J. Land, Mrs. G. E. Locke,
Mr. A. R. Phelps, Frank Mayo,
John Wood, S. W. Leach,
D. C. Anderson, E. N. Thayer,
G. E. Locke, C. L. Graves,
W. Schraubstadter, Sig. Roncoresi.
and a POWERFUL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.
Artists visiting California should visit this magnificent Dramatic Temple before engaging elsewhere, as it is by far the largest and most commodious Theatre. The Management of this House have also the control of the principal Theatres in Stockton and Sacramento. 52-tf

PARTICULAR NOTICE.
W. H. DONALDSON,
THE MOST DARING ROPE WALKER IN THE WORLD,
Having but just finished a very successful engagement in Philadelphia, and also at Baltimore, is about starting on a tour through the Western States.
Managers and others desirous of securing his services, will address the undersigned, care of FRANK QUEEN, CLIPPER Office, N. Y. City. HARRY GILBERT, Agent for
11-8t W. H. DONALDSON.

PITTSBURGH THEATRE.
THE ABOVE THEATRE IS NOW OPEN.
The Fall Season will open on or about the first of September. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing engagments will direct to the Pittsburgh Theatre early as possible. Stars will find it to their advantage to arrange for time. Liberal terms offered.
8-tf WM. HENDERSON, Sole Lessee and Manager.

HOWARD ATHENEUM,
BOSTON.
THE BEAUTIFUL AND ACCOMPLISHED ARTISTE,
MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN,
Is now in the Third Week of one of the most
SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENTS EVER PLAYED IN BOSTON.
Managers will please address, until further notice,
E. B. WILLIAMS, Howard Atheneum, Boston,
14-2t* Agent for Miss Menken.

MINSTRELSY OUTDONE.
BOSTON MUSEUM
Will open for a short season, commencing
MONDAY EVENING, JULY 7th,
And continue every night until further notice.
MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
☞ 35 ☜
BRILLIANT STARS OF ETHIOPIAN DELINEATORS.
THE PEOPLE'S MAMMOTH CONCERTS.
GIGANTIC DOUBLE MINSTREL TROUPE.
DUPREZ & GREEN'S
GREAT ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE AND BRASS BAND,
OF TWELVE PIECES COMBINED,
Making the largest, most extensive, and complete
MINSTREL TROUPE EVER ORGANIZED,
Excelling and far superior to all other companies in existence.
Look at the following
GREAT CONGRESS OF POPULAR TALENT:
J. E. GREEN, COOL BURGESS, CHARLEY REYNOLDS,
M. AINSLEY SCOTT, GUSTAVE BIDEAUX, JIMMY CLARK,
J. D. NEWCOMB, J. KELK, C. H. DUPREZ,
MASTER KENT, C. A. BOYD, J. E. BOWLES,
F. T. SPRUNG, J. F. SULLIVAN, W. H. LEWIS,
G. W. BAILEY, W. THOMAS, T. THORP,
D. WALSH, G. LAPOINT, G. POND,
J. B. DONNIKER, W. E. FRENCH, M. A. WILLIS,
SIGNOR MONTEVERDE,
THE GREAT SPANISH INDIA RUBBER MAN.
All under the direction of
DUPREZ & GREEN, Proprietors.
For full particulars, see the
GREATEST PROGRAMME EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.
After closing the season at the Boston Museum, this grand and never equalled combination of talent, will appear in the following Cities:
Lowell, July 21; Lawrence, 22; Haverhill, 23; Portland, 24 and 25; Portsmouth, 26; Salem, 28; Lynn, 29; New Bedford, 30 and 31; Providence, August 1 and 2.
CHARLES H. DUPREZ, Manager.
J. D. NEWCOMB, Business and Advertising Agent. 12-3t*

BOSTON MUSEUM.
FOX'S
RAVEL TROUPE,
Will commence a Four Weeks engagement at this establishment,
MONDAY, JULY 21st.
The Troupe comprise the following first class Artists:
MLLE MARIETTA ZANFRETTA,
A. M. HERNANDEZ,
MLLE MARIA ZOE, MONS VELARDE,
MONS A. GROSSI, MONS LEHMAN.
MONS F. SEGRIST, MONS A. SEGRIST,
MR. B. YATES, MONS P. RAVEL,
MR. JAMES PILGRIM, MONS P. BERGER,
MR. W. DULANY, MONS DEVERNI.
GRAND CORPS DE BALLET.
The celebrated
RAVEL PANTOMIMES.
NEW AND SPLENDID ATTRACTIONS
OF
EXTRAORDINARY BRILLIANCY
BY THE
COMBINATION OF STARS,
Who are acknowledged to be the
VERY BEST ARTISTS OF THE AGE.
14 JAMES PILGRIM, Business Manager.

BALTIMORE MUSEUM TO LET.—This old established and centrally located place of amusement is to let, by the night, week, or month, for *first class exhibitions only*. The MUSEUM is located on corner of Calvert and Baltimore streets, in the immediate vicinity of all the principal hotels, and is capable of seating 800 persons. The place is well stocked with scenery, and is now undergoing a thorough repairing. Managers or agents of first class exhibitions visiting Baltimore, will find it to their interest to engage the Museum, as it can be had for a very cheap rent, and is the best located place of amusement in Baltimore. Minstrels, Magicians, Panoramas, &c., will receive liberal sharing terms by addressing. ALBERT LEE, or JOHN P. SMITH,
Melodeon, Balt., Md.
N.B.—Proprietors of *Concert Rooms* need not apply, as the Museum will be rented to *first class exhibitions only*. 4t

GAYETY MUSIC HALL,
HARRISBURG, PA.
Sole Lessee and Proprietor.....BOB EDWARDS.
Open for the Summer and Winter Season 1862.
The following talent appear at this favorite place of Amusement:
MISS JULIA EDWARDS, MISS KATE DAVENPORT,
BOB EDWARDS, JAKE BUDD,
DAN HOWARD, TOM MURRAY,
H. KINCAIDE, P. KINCAIDE,
J. H. DONNELL, J. H. VANHORN.
Engagements always open for first class talent.
14-1t* Address BOB EDWARDS, Harrisburg, Pa.

BOWERY THEATRE AND CONCERT HALL,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
J. E. ESHER,.....Proprietor. | JAMES RILEY, Stage Manager.
JOHN BENARD,.....Musical Director.
ADMISSION 10 AND 25 CENTS.
The following artists are now performing at this establishment:
MISS SALLIE MASON, MISS LIZZIE DAVIS,
MISS LEONORA, MISS FRANK CHRISTIE,
THEODORE THOMPSON, HERR SPRUNG,
JOHN BENARD, JOHNNY CAMPBELL,
L. DEBURGER, J. COLE,
R. H. COLLINS, J. C. CAMPBELL.
Ladies and Gentlemen of known ability can always secure an engagement by addressing, J. E. ESHER, Proprietor. 47

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
45tf Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS.—Col. T. ALLSTON BROWN, Advertising Agent for Nixon's Cremorne Garden, is desirous of an engagement as Advertising Agent or Treasurer, for any Star or Troupe. From the fact of having had considerable experience, he is well acquainted with Managers and the "Press" throughout the United States and Canada. Knows every part of the country well. Address him at this Office. 14

WOLF'S CONTINENTAL MUSIC HALL, late Continental Theatre, Philadelphia. First class performers treated with on liberal terms. Address WM. WOLF, Continental Music Hall, Philadelphia, 14-tf

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, Ohio. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing to engage for the coming Fall and Winter season, commencing on or about the 8th of September, will please address, post paid, I. ELLSLER, Jr., Manager. 14-tf

THEATRE ROYAL,
MONTREAL, CANADA.
STARS desirous of visiting Montreal, can apply to
8-3m J. W. BUCKLAND, Lessee.

PINE'S HALL, POUGHKEEPSIE.
This Hall, which is capable of holding about 1400, is handsomely painted, with comfortable seats, and everything in first rate order, is now to be let for Concerts, Lectures, or any entertainment of the kind. Apply to HENRY PINE,
8-7t* No. 15 Washington street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—SHERIDAN CORBYN would respectfully inform members of the dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to pre-pay the same. 46-6m

THE "NONPAREIL" DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION meets every Thursday evening at No. 76 Varick street. All communications should be addressed to 211 8th Avenue.
4-3m H. ROLPH, President.

TO THE PROFESSION.—CAPT. J. B. SMITH, will open his Theatre, Albany, N. Y., June 26th, 1862. All persons wishing engagements will apply immediately. P. S. Please state lowest terms. 11-4t*

TO MANAGERS.—CHAS. JEFFREY, Low Comedian, is now open for a Fall and Winter engagement. His terms are fixed to suite the times. References, etc., furnished, if desired. Address, CHAS. JEFFREY, Washington, D. C. 13-5t*

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The Fall Season of this beautiful Theatre will open about the 15th of August. Ladies and Gentlemen wishing engagements, will address the Manager as soon as possible. STARS can arrange for time, by addressing S. DRAPER, Sole Lessee and Manager. 13-6t*

WANTED—A good Leading Lady for a first class Company now traveling in the Eastern States. Address HOLLAND & WINTERS, Lancaster, N. H. 14-2t*

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for the Misses A. I. Menken; Mary Provost, from England; Louisa Wells; and Sarah Bishop; also for Messrs C. Folwell, A. H. Fernald, Jas. Mathews, and Jos. Beebe.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, July 14, 1862.

Amusements are beginning to slump through, and those theatrical managers who have closed their establishments, have acted wisely, for very little improvement in business can be looked for until September, when the fall season commences; though several theatres still continue open, it must be a losing game for them. With the opening of the summer, nearly every theatre in New York was in full blast, with "great expectations" by ambitious managers. So great was the desire to have a theatre during the summer, that lessees had more applicants than they knew what to do with, and they found it very hard to discriminate, or choose between them. Those who were unsuccessful in their efforts to "secure an opening," may consider themselves fortunate; the chosen few, no doubt, have often since wished themselves well out of the trouble into which their ambition led them. Since the 4th of July, the Winter Garden has terminated its dramatic season; the Olympic has done the same, while the two Boweries have also closed. Those that remain open are doing almost nothing, no doubt entailing losses upon their managers, notwithstanding the very low salaries for which the poor player is obliged to give his services. Speaking of salaries, present operations indicate that "poor pay" will be the rule next season. A few leading people will command the usual high salaries, but the bulk of every company will be cut down to a low figure. The "handsome light comedy man," or the "leading lady," may receive their $100 and $75 per week, while walking gents and ladies, villains, heavy men, utility people, and supernumeraries of high and low degree, will have to rest content with very small fractions. A manager was very highly incensed a few days since, because an applicant for a situation intimated that his services as utility man *might* be worth ten dollars per week. A trifle cut off the salaries of the upper crust, and tacked on to the pittance allowed the rank and file, would be an act of charity that would ultimately tend to the benefit of the manager who might have the courage to try it. As it is now, there is too much inequality, altogether.

Rob Roy was run off the track at Winter Garden after a few performances. Even Anderson's bad acting couldn't save it. Last week, the dramatic season having terminated somewhat disastrously, the Professor tried his magic business, but without success. We see that some of the young ladies who figured so conspicuously in the spectacular burlesque of the "Tempest," lately produced at the Winter Garden, have commenced suit against Anderson for "arrears of wages." It appears that after displaying their charms, et ceters, to the vulgar gaze of admiring "connoisseurs," the poor girls could not induce the "indefatigable and gentlemanly treasurer" to pay them their just salaries, so hardly earned, and upon which they depended for a bare subsistence; so upwards of thirty of these lovely beauties visited the Mayor on the 8th inst., to make complaint against Professor Anderson, who, they allege, owed them $320 for services rendered. Steps were taken to see that the girls should have their rights. How hard the lot of many of these poor creatures who look so fascinating in gauze and tights, and upon whose exposed bosoms and limbs the public eye is permitted to look for the small price of fifty cents a pop. No wonder some of them are driven to the pave, and to the haunts of Mercer and Walker streets.

The Florences are still worrying out the season and themselves at Wallack's new theatre. The Irish element fails to respond to Billy's appeal, even when he levels at their devoted heads this affecting quotation: "Oh, Erin, dear Erin, though long in the shade; thy star will shine out when the brightest shall fade." The Irish don't see the "star" just now, in the light intended, for their "voice is still for war."

The boys are getting spunky. J. Hart, of Volks Garten, in the Bowery, has had some trouble with the police, lately, and himself and others were arrested and confined in the Station House on the charge of having sold lager bier, in violation of the new concert law. But, since the decision declaring that lager bier is *not* beer, and therefore not within the operation of the law, the boys feel hurt at being locked up all night, "for doing nothing;" and what do they do but take out warrants for the arrest of the Superintendent of Police, and several of his officers, for false imprisonment. There is money ready to back up this flank movement upon Kennedy's right, and it is thought he will be compelled to change his base of operations. Lager beer—whether it is beer or not—is a mighty element in the political history of New York, and woe betide the man who dare dispute its sway. Let Superintendent Kennedy and his "myrmidons of the law" take heed how they assault the all-potent beverage. Better for them had they never been born than attempt to interfere with our "Germanic rights." At the present writing, all is quiet along the lines of the Bowery, although the Germans are confident of defeating Kennedy and his rebellious forces.

No one has had the boldness to tackle Wallack's old theatre since Mr. Colville dropped it. It must be a very unhealthy place, for Miss Mary Provost was twice compelled to terminate her engagement there, on account of "indisposition." At least so the papers say, and they *ought* to be right, you know. It is very probable that the house will "keep cool" until the fall opening; notwithstanding that the outer walls are placarded "closed for a few nights."

That Napoleonic Wizard, the "Prince of Magicians," of whose promised advent at the Academy of Music we recently made "honorable mention," was "let down" very softly. The people didn't respond to the urgent appeals of the "Magic Prince," and he, seeing that a "generous public" had no taste for trickery, wisely concluded to give up his premeditated assault of five days, and that's why we hear nothing about "Lucien Napoleon."

Things remain slow at Laura Keene's. Maggie Mitchell announces a couple of new pieces for this week.

Mr. and Miss Richings' season at Niblo's Garden came to a *finale* on the 12th. The lady's farewell benefit took place on the 11th. Their performances occupied about three months, in which time they produced a number of operatic spectacles, in very good style. During a portion of the time they did a good business, but latterly the attendance at Niblo's has not been large. Miss Richings' vocalization has made her a great favorite; and, if nothing else, she has gained a metropolitan reputation which should alway ensure her a welcome here, and elsewhere. Mr. Richings and his daughter have worked hard since they have been with us, and in some instances have had up hill work of it in their endeavors to please alike those in front of the curtain, and those behind it. The season closes this evening, July 14th, with a "testimonial complimentary" to the lessees. A complimentary wind-up for the lessees is a good thing. It gives a sort of *eclat* to a "masterly retreat," and leaves the impression that what *might* have been a reverse, was a strategetic and necessary movement towards a future success.

"In answer to the numerous applications from those who desire to breathe a little fresh air on *Sundays*," Nixon has consented to open his garden on Sunday *evenings*, for which favor the seekers after fresh air should be very thankful, in addition to paying the entrance fee of fifteen cents each air seeker, and taking "chips" valued at 25 cents, in change for their good dollars. There's nothing like fresh air.

The concert saloons have pretty much all closed, owing to the hot weather and the stringent exactions of the new concert law. Pretty waiter girls are such only in name, and the "quill of the concert saloon" mourns their loss. The Canterbury, Melodeon, and American Music Hall, which were wont to witness such "gay and festive scenes," have all come to grief, "their light of music shed," and every shanty now wears the "sombre habiliments" of dust and cobwebs. Performers are laying off at the sea shore, or the shore at Hoboken, (we forget which,) and striving to drown sorrow in that bright harbinger of better days, the "flowing bowl."

"It is said," and we presume the say is correct, that Mr. Fechter, the French tragedian, has been engaged to appear next season at the Winter Garden. That's *something* towards a sensation, anyhow. No doubt, Fechter will draw with his broken English. Can we not have Forrest, at the same house, on the off nights? Isn't it a magnificent conception? Think of it, Messeurs les directeurs.

Certainly the opening of Wood's Minstrel Hall, at 514 Broadway, on the 7th, was an important event for our "record." Henry Wood, like A. T. Stewart, can "carry on" on either side of Broadway, and still have his customers, particularly the ladies, follow him—that is to say, not exactly him, but his attractive minstrel company. The fact is, that the former distinctions between the two respective sides of Broadway, are now merged into one pretty uniform avenue of popular travel, except in the day time, according to the "degree" of sunshine. So that, when a creative genius like Henry Wood—creative in any kind of business—makes a stand on either side, or any block, in our principal thoroughfare, he throws the refulgence of his colored lamps, tempered by his coolness of judgment, upon the entire neighborhood. As regards the interior economy of this new place of amusement, we may remark (without detracting from any similar merit at other places of resort in Broadway) that the past week was a pretty "steep" test, in the way of weather; but no evening has found Wood's New Minstrel Hall without good air, and just enough warmth to give the ladies an agreeable amount of Castilian flirtation with their fans. In fact, the facilities for ventilation, or protection from the outside fluctuations of the atmosphere, at Wood's, are extraordinary, and must continue to make it a favorite place of resort at any season. We trust that these remarks may be excused by persons who might not yet have had the good luck to visit Wood's, because our remarks of last week, in relation to the interior decoration, have been fully endorsed by the audiences thus far. The general air of lightness, elegance, and yet a subdued air of social comfort which pervades the entire establishment, observable as soon as visitors pass the entrance, (although not yet completed in its full decorative beauty) seems to strike every beholder as something truly original and American, as if in accordance with our native sunny skies and sublime scenery. On the evening of the 9th, particularly, we happened to overhear remarks like these—"Well, this is a beautiful hall, and what high windows on each side!" "Sure enough, this place is an honor to our New-York mechanics!" "Snug, neat, and cosy!" "By George! what THE CLIPPER said is just so!" and so forth, which was not bad for us "to take," especially as the weather (out doors) was what might be called "pretty warm." Of course the intelligent reader will understand the ubiquity of an editorial "we." The fact is, "we" are everywhere, from New-York to London, and, thence to the antipodes, looking in on our return by way of Australia, or else by California, or else by the Cape of Good Hope, and always hoping to see sports or amusements flourish. Little can possibly occur at any place of amusement, in any part of the world, unless we have a "we" present to hear or see what is going on. However, here "we" are at Wood's new hall, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, and a great "array of talent" Squire Henry has on hand, to captivate the million pleasantly for a couple of hours or so, and send everybody home with nothing to repent of. Here is a catalogue of the artists at present enlisted in the good cause of merriment and morality at No. 514 aforesaid:—Eph Horn, Charley Fox, Frank Brower, Cool White, Henry Percy, Raffaele Abecco, H. Schwicardi, C. Harcourt, H. Hartley, David Braham, Joseph Braham, W. Patterson, E. Stigler, J. Lees, G. Stewart, Leopold St. John, Walter Manning, Pierre Ballou, R. Bevington, S. Clarke Mortimer, J. Carney, Maurice Stamwood, Gustave Dubarrie, and Master Samual Eddy, etc. With Charley Fox and Eph Horn as the end men, and Cool White as middle man, some faint idea may be formed of the fun that is set going when this admirable company "form a line" to inform Dull Care that he had better be gone. Some of the sentimental ballads, such as Harry Percy's, are exquisitely beautiful; and Sig. Abecco's performances on the harp must enchant all musical ears. Master Eddy makes a bouncing wench dancer, and is not slow on a Highland fling. The way Frank Brower gives Happy Uncle Tom, and all his other impersonations, proves him an actor among the highest class on the stage. As for Eph Horn—well, we know not who could properly hold his bonnet while giving that "Lecture on Woman's Rights." Charley Fox seems more Charley than ever, especially while playing the banjo. But what is the use of talking? Everybody will want to go and see everybody's favorites at Wood's Minstrel Hall, 514 Broadway, as soon as possible, if not previously. Going once will prove the truth of our commentaries, and elevate the goose of minstrel fun higher than ever.

Miss Alice Placide, after having played very successful engagements in the Canadas, and the principal cities of this State, returned to New-York on the 7th.

The Winter Garden, having been vacated by Anderson, after a bad "summer season," is to re-open this evening with Miss Julia Daly as the star.

The Holman Troupe, and fat people, have been drawing very well at Barnum's Museum.

"Those who desire to breathe a little fresh air" can have the privilege, on Sundays, as well as other days, by visiting the Central Park, admission to which is free. On Saturday afternoons, a band of music discourses a programme of popular music, and no charge is made. The Central Park is the place for fresh air and free air.

Galletti, the *danseuse*, who has added to the attractions at Niblo's Garden, is now open for engagement. Galetti is a capital exponent of dancing, and was received with great favor by the *habitues* of Niblo's.

The New Bowery, after a short recess, re-opens this evening, July 14th, at which time Mr. Eddy commences an engagement. On the 12th, the theatre was taken for one night by Mr. G. C. Boniface. This demonstration on the old Bowery's left flank may draw General Fox out with his reserves. We shall see.

Manager Henderson, of the Pittsburgh Theatre, was in the city last week, engaged in looking up recruits for the fall season.

The improvements at Bryants are going on swimmingly, the contractors stipulating to have everything finished in six weeks from the time the hall was given up to them. The place will present a fine a fine appearance on the re-opening.

Opera is dead, just now. There is a good deal of talk about what Ullman and Maretzek have in store for us, but opera folks are very slippery, and don't mind breaking engagements, so we shall not venture to speculate upon "forthcoming novelties," until the season opens.

Delmon Grace, the "Salem Scudder" of the "Octoroon," after a successful tour in England, arrived in this city on Thursday, July 8th. "Grace is a dulcet sound," and sound is Grace on the goose, and in wind and limb. *Dei Laudamus*. The British have not knocked L out of him, or he would be a demon indeed.

Among the good fellows at present passing through New York, in search of cooling things, is E. L. Tilton, a favorite at Grover's Washington Theatre, which closed on the 11th.

Walter Benn is now likely to remain in this city, until the commencement of his engagement for the regular season at the Boston Museum. As Mr. Benn was formerly associated with Mons. Fechter, the (possible) arrival of the latter gentleman might change Mr. Benn's movements, however.

The business success of the Richings party, while recently at Niblo's Garden, has been materially aided by the tact and energy of Mr. Augustus Pennoyer, their business agent. The greatest artists may sometimes be exposed to adverse business relations, which cloud ther deservedly good understanding with the public. Both Mr. and Miss Richings now need some repose after their great exertions to please. After a little summer recreation, they open at Buffalo on the 8th September, and next proceed to Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and then hey for New York again. As very flattering offers have been made from California, perhaps Mr. and Miss Richings may "vamose" about next May.

Miss Mggie Mitchell's benefit is to take place on the 18th, and the house now held by her is to close on the 19th.

The Holman Troupe, at Barnum's, have now varied the bills with such pieces as "The Young Actress, "Punchinello," etc., in which they are as attractive as in "Cinderella."

Miss Emily Thorne, formerly at one of our Broadway theatres, has gone to Baltimore, where she opens to-night at the Holliday Street, as Josephine, in "The Child of the Regiment," and as Mrs. Dabchick, in "How to Make Home Happy."

A complimentary benefit for Mr. C. T. Parsloe is one of the "big bills" now in course of preparation.

We are sorry to learn "Little Fiske," lately returned from the West Indies, is now lying dangerously ill at French's Hotel.

DRAMATIC.

"Wattie Rusher," writing from Albany on the 9th, says:—Capt. J. B. Smith has removed the monster of the finny tribe from the Troy Adelphi to his theatre in Albany; in other words, the spectacular drama of the "Naiad Queen" was produced on the 7th. The concert company is withdrawn for the present. This piece cannot fail to run well in this city. Cap. has hosts of friends, who will not see him fail. It was produced with much better taste here than it was in Troy. R. J. Manuel as the Demon, is cheered nightly. Wonder how it feels in the infernal regions, when the thermometer "up here" "sits" at 95! Phew! Kind of warm. Miss Farrand (sister of the unfortunate lady burned at Volks Garten) has been engaged as danseuse at this theatre. The Captain will run other plays as soon as the company arrives which he has engaged.

The Pittsburgh Theatre closed on the 7th for repairs, J. S. Maffit, the comedian, taking a benefit on the closing evening. It will doubtless be closed for two or three weeks, and open about the 1st of August with a new company. Mr. Maffit goes to St. Louis, and Miss Kate Foster to Louisville. The other members of the company separate, but we have not been informed to which theatres they go.

Manager John Ellsler, Jr., has been doing good biz. with "The Sea of Ice" and "The Seven Sisters," assisted by his capital dramatic company, and not forgetting William T. Porter, the scenic artist, at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Ellsler's next regular season commences on the 8th September, and parties wishing engagements would do well to examine his advertisement in our theatrical columns.

Several of the former members of the Gayety Theatre, Albany, have formed a dramatic company, and are giving tolerable entertainments along the Hudson River towns. Biz. not "extra good," however.

From Troy "Wattie Rusher" thus writes on the 9th:—The owners of the Troy Adelphi have come down on Manager McCann, and made the bills almost too tight for his company; since I wrote you last, therefore, he has concluded to close until the fall season, when if any kind of a chance offers, he will Trojanize the Trojans in a "scripteral" style. On the 4th this *bijou* establishment was actually jammed. Miss Placide's benefit, on the 3d, was a crammer also. On the latter occasion "The Slave Queen" was played much better than it was in my first report. Miss P. having worked hard, in the meantime, to rectify the former errors. On Saturday night the season closed with a grand complimentary ben. to Manager McCann, tendered by the Mayor and others. The house was crowded, to witness the "Wept of the Wishton Wish" and "Grist to the Mill," Miss Placide sustaining the character of Narramattah in the former, and Francine in the latter. Mr. Vandeeren as the Narragansett Chief, did himself credit, I suppose, because it required more "business" than speaking. Mr. E. G. Packard, a young man who has been on the boards but three short months, bids fair to become an honor to the profession.

Capt. Edward Drew, a brother of the late John Drew, comedian, and of Mr. Frank Drew, was killed in one of the recent battles before Richmoud. He was one of Berdan's Sharpshooters.

"Seneca," one of our St. Louis correspondents, writes thus from Chicago, on the 9th, and does not seem to be in a very good humor with the temporary change. No doubt he will come out brighter next week:—McVicker's Theatre is doing a good business with "Macarthy, or the Peep o'Day," Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Allen doing the principal parts. All that scenery can do for the piece has been done, but much of the acting is fearfully bad. Still, it does the one thing needful, it draws. The music halls are doing well here, but offer no such attractions as ours in St. Louis.

Manager D. Hanchett opened at Ogdensburgh, N. Y., on the 7th, with "The Colleen Bawn." Among the party now are Mr. and Mrs. Hanchett, Geo. A. Hill, W. H. Leak, A. Beechy, W. M. Lannier, J. F. Crossen, Miss Julia A. Cook, Miss Bunsby. Miss Fanny B. Price is on for the heroines.

The return of John Dillon to Chicago (whence he has been absent for the past year, principally at Laura Keene's, New York,) was cordially welcomed by his numerous friends in the former city. He is in the cast for "The Peep o'Day," now playing at McVicker's. John's comic mug is said to have improved.

From Worcester, the Heart of the Old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, "Toby Twinkle" writes as follows on the 11th:—"J. C. Myers closed his season on the 4th. The business for the week previous, was bad, Miles and his horse failing to draw as well as anticipated.....Harry Langdon (Edwin Forrest's friend), and J. Murray (stage manager), gave a very good "send-off" for the entire company by engaging in a pugilistic encounter the first night of the season, in Main street. It seems the parties have been at variance for some time, so much so that the "Lincoln House" was too small to hold the two, and happening to meet on the street, words ensued, and Langdon losing his temper and dignity at the same time, struck "straight from the left," administering to Murray a "sockdolager" between the "ogles," and in immediate proximity to his "trumpet," which caused the "claret" to flow freely; first blood claimed for Langdon—allowed. Murray retreated in good order to repair damages, when he again advanced (having been reinforced by Marshall Drury) and threw himself heavily on Langdon's rear. Langdon, finding it useless to contend with the "Commonwealth," yielded without firing a gun. After taking the "oath of

allegiance," and paying the sum of $4,50, he was escorted to the lines, and allowed to depart.

"C. E. M." thus writes from Fulton, N. Y., July 6th:—At Oswego, on the 4th of July, Wright & O'Hara's portable boat company were greeted with full houses afternoon and evening. In the afternoon, the pieces were "The Toodles," and the "Limerick Boy," with a song by Mr. Parkes, and dances by Miss Delia Wright and Mdlle. Wright. In the evening the play was "The Hidden Hand," with the cast I have noticed previously. On the 5th, the company played at Oswego Falls, opposite the village of Fulton, where some kind of Mogul, who, as president of the village of Fulton, combines in his singular person the congenial characters of Mawworm, Aminadab Sleek, and Doctor Cantwell, saw fit to refuse the customary license. How well has the immortal bard exclaimed—

"Man, proud man,
Dressed in a litttle brief authority,
* * * * * * *
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

To "the poor player" the only privilege that remains is to write him down "an ass" in the columns of the CLIPPER. This Great Mogul, or whatever he may be, could not hinder the people from attending the performance, which gave the greatest satisfaction. The City of Buffalo is now bound on an excursion around Oneida Lake, and her passengers anticipate a delightful trip.

Miss Kate Reignolds is now in the second week of her engagement at the Theatre Royal, Montreal. She had a benefit on the 11th, playing Peg Woffington, in Tom Taylor's comedy of that name, and Ganem, in "The Slave of Love."

In Philadelphia, Miss Julia Daly closed her engagement at the Walnut on the 12th, and F. S. Chanfrau brought his performances to a close on the same evening. Both establishments, we believe, are now closed.

"The New Opera Bouffee" being announced for performance at New Haven on the 15th and 16th, one of the city "locals" gives "an opinion as is an opinion," that it will awaken an interest "both among *dramatical* and musical critics." Shouldn't wonder.

I. B. Phillips, well known for the past ten years as a stage manager in Baltimore and Richmond theatres, died at the former city about a quarter before eleven o'clock on Saturday (12th) evening, of typhoid fever. His wife, and his brothers Jonas and Henry, were present when he expired. In his delirious moments, he would sometimes speak as if directing a rehearsal, and dimmed many an eye by naming certain members of the profession. With a kind heart, and an irreproachable character, the loss of such a man must cause a pang of grief as soon as known to any person that ever knew him.

Adah Isaacs Menken seems to have got on the right side of the Boston saints, as we "or any other man" "might a knowed afore," because her style of acting has nothing to do with set schools, but is the spontaneous creation of an original genius, tempered only by her tact in pleasing the audience of any city, wherever her lot may be "cast." Managers know this well enough, if the highfalutin philosophers do not. Hence, all Adah has to do is to cut a dash for two or three, or may be four weeks, and then "cut her lucky" to the next engagement on her agent's programme. By the way, E. B. Williams knows how to "cut and come again" as Adah's dashing business agent.

W. M. Holland and J. P. Winters seem to enjoy profit and pleasure away off there in the "mountings" of New Hampshire, with their Tableau and Concert Troupe, and are giving dramatized versions of operas. Mrs. Geo. Tyrrell is with them, but they want another good leading lady. See their advertisement.

Among the lively places towards the North Pole, at this time of year, is the fine city of Toronto, where theatrical matters are very spicy, but we have not room for many recent particulars sent by kind correspondents.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

In a recent notice of a Negro Minstrel performance in Pittsburgh, our correspondent "Now and Then" made some reference to colored people being invited to take front seats in assemblages of white people, etc. Another correspondent, "Argus," denied this, and said some rather harsh things about "Now and Then." This week we have an answer to "Argus," in which the latter is handled "rough." As we gave "Argus" a good show, we extend the same courtesy to "Now and Then," and this is what he says: Pittsburgh, July 7, 1862. DEAR CLIPPER:—I notice that a person who says he is well known to the sporting fraternity here, and who signs himself "Argus," takes occasion to write you that I have been guilty of telling a wilful falsehood when I wrote that "the genuine darkey has been invited to a front seat in an assemblage of whites, and that he is allowed to ride on our passenger railway cars." It is an easy matter for a "sporting man," or any well known character, to make use of the term "wilful falsehood," but it is not quite so easy at all times to prove that the term is well applied. I have seen ere now "ye bogus vile pretending sporting man" make use of similar terms, but I have noticed invariably that he always takes care to be in a secure place, or managed to be surrounded by his friends at the time. However, be this as it may, it is my purpose now to fasten the wild assertion of "wilful falsehood" upon the "Pittsburgh Sporter," who seems to have taken offence at me because I stated facts. Now then for the proof; I have seen colored men and women sitting on the second and third settees at Lafayette Hall during the past winter, at an opera troupe entertainment, which entertainment was attended by the *elite* of Pittsburgh; people whose opinions are worth something, and who do not attend a theatre on account, as they say, of its immorality. The colored men and women to whom I allude were invited to those front seats by white gentlemen, attended by ladies, who actually got up from the settee when "Mr. Darkee" entered, and beckoned him to the vacated seats. If "ye well known sporting man" has any doubts of the truth of this statement, he can have my affidavit in your next number. In reference to people of color riding in passenger railway cars, I have seen them in the cars of the Manchester and East Liberty railways, and I doubt not but they ride in the Penn street line also. If "ye sporting man" has any misgivings on this point, just tell him to come out in an article in any of our dailies, over his own signature, against the privilege, and if he don't get sick of the job before he gets through braving public opinion, he will have more back bone than I think he has now. But to make the thing concise, allow me to say, Mr. Editor, that whenever you detect me in a "wilful falsehood," then just give me orders to "stop" writing. Until that time, however, I think it rather unfair that such statements should be allowed to appear in the columns of the CLIPPER as were inserted last week in reference to the veracity of the undersigned. My whole statement was one of truth, and one in which I could have no interest to lie about. Perhaps "ye sporting man" is interested in a certain miscellaneous show on Penn street, and it may be that the immense business which the troupes of "Sanford" and "Carncross & Dixey" did the fore part of the week, and in fact the whole week, hurt his feelings, and consequently he would like all minstrel parties to give Pittsburgh a wide berth hereafter. If this is the cause of his bad humor, I cannot help it. I have nothing to do with his or "any other man's business." When I give you a correct statement of things theatrical, together with any other items which I believe will be a beacon light to showmen, serving them a useful purpose, my duty is done......Carncross & Dixey's minstrel troupe remain at Concert Hall until next Saturday. They did a splendid business during the past six nights, and will doubtless do well for six to come........Sanford's troupe, which has been performing here to full houses, at Masonic Hall, for a week, appear at Steubenville to-night, and go from thence to Cleveland.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels opened for "one night only," at Portsmouth, N. H., on the 1st July, and have since been "doing" Portland, and other towns in Maine, more at their leisure. Nick Bowers, their "heavy" middle man, seems a decided favorite with the Down Easters. Crowded houses have been the rule, wherever they go.

The Morris Minstrels went almost unheralded into Troy, N. Y., on the 5th. Had "the world" known they were coming, their house would have been crowded. They continued on the 7th to a better house. In Albany, on the 8th and 9th, they did fairly.

The success of Duprez & Green's New Orleans Serenaders has been of the most flattering description at the Boston Museum. As they were previously announced in our advertising columns, this result might easily have been foretold of so talented a party. All the twenty-five performers thus announced were on hand, except Mr. J. B. Donniker, who did not toe the mark (for some reason not yet explained) in Boston. However, Duprez & Green would be more likely to exceed than to fall short of promise, and we are glad to find that our Bostonian friends have "seconded the motion" of Manager Keech in giving a cordial welcome to this admirable burlesque opera troupe. Since one of the most pious papers in Boston has signified its approbation, no doubt "two thirds of the clergy" would "go one eye" on this lively affair.

A friend of Duprez & Green's Serenaders takes us to task for having asserted (as he says) that Bryants' Minstrels "took the rag off the bush" from the former party while in New Haven on the 3d July. Now, what we did say was this, and if it contains any unfair or untrue statement, we must admit that we "don't see it":—"Duprez & Green's Minstrel Troupe showed in New Haven July 2d, a stormy evening, but for all that, a $125 house witnessed the performance of this splendid troupe. They 'billed' the city well, but the Bryants, who are soon to appear there, 'took the rag off the bush' in that line."

"Toby Twinkle," writing from Worcester, on the 11th, says:—The Charley Morris Minstrels perform to night at Mechanics Hall. This is a "shoot" from the Boston party......Morris Bros., Pell & Trowbridge are billing the city to-day for next week. Lively times, and burnt cork is at premium.

Bryant's Minstrels appeared in New Haven, Conn., July 9th and 10th, with success, full houses being the order of the day.

MUSIC HALLS.

Astonishing how the Fourth of July sets people around on the move. "Seneca," who usually writes from St. Louis, addresses us last week from Chicago, and therefore we give some items from our old (long time) friend, Jerry Merrifield, who thus writes on the 8th from the Melodeon Summer Garden, St. Louis: FRIEND QUEEN:—I am still at the Melodeon Summer Garden; our business is not very good; the times are rather shaky...... Mr. Bechtner is in Memphis, and doing a great biz. I sent him on Friday, 4th, Mons. Gus. Peters and La Belle Velarde, and the Corps de Ballet, making in all eleven ladies; they left on the Belle Memphis. Mr. Bechtner has left me in charge of his place here. He wrote me to-day that he has taken the New Memphis Theatre, and intends to engage a dramatic company. We want good lady dancers, lady singers, &c., &c......J. Hall Robinson, the comedian, died under distressing circumstances at Milwaukee, Wis., on or about the 7th June. This I know to be true; poor fellow, he was an excellent low comedian and good comic singer. In such parts as "Paul Pry," "Toodles," "Crack," &c., he was quite equal to Burton in some of the scenes. Dick Cunningham, whose death you mentioned in the CLIPPER two weeks back, is not dead. I read his death on Thursday (that is the day we here get the paper), and on Friday I took dinner with him......The Varieties Music Hall is not doing much, although they are paying expenses. Kathleen O'Neil is the card there, as also is Purdy. ......Bowery Concert Hall, Jake Esher, is doing better than any of them. Fred. Shaw is blowing himself into favor. Johnny Boyce, Campbell, and Charley Lewis work well together. Leonora and Sally Mason are the attractions there.

All the big music halls in Philadelphia are closed, for want of patronage. The Melodeon first "went in," and soon after the Olympic closed, although the latter had a most excellent company all the time it was under Mr. Lea's management. Several minor establishments closed, while a number of others are still under way, trying to worry the season through. We presume with the opening of next season, several new places will be opened, with talented companies.

The two principal music halls in Albany are thus spoken of by "Wattie Rusher," writing on the 9th:—The Gayety have been dividing their forces, part of them playing in North Adams, Mass., and the remainder at the old homestead, in Albany. Manager Howard is throwing this as a "feeler," into the suburbs, and the fish are reported to bite well. Harry understands the pulse well. Gus Clarke is a first-class stage manager......At Smith's Concert Hall, a new pantomime was brought out for the 4th, arranged by Mr. R. S. Manuel, entitled "Monsieur De Frisac," in which the author sustains the principal part. Peppo, the Clown, is in good hands when Mr. A. Glassford "has the affair." Mrs. A. Glassford makes a buxom sailor lad. The piece contains several fine dances, and concludes with the celebrated Morris dance.

Detroit may well be proud of its Metropolitan Varieties, formerly Detroit Theatre. We have examined the returns made by the treasurer from the 31st of May to the 5th of of July, inclusive, from which it appears that the average number of visitors was double that during the same number of days in any theatrical management ever known there. L. M. Bayless is the present lessee. J. R. White is the stage manager. Among the company are some of the most talented performers that can be found in the Western diggings. For instance, Amelia Wells, Eloise Di Vernon, and Fanny Archer, as lady vocalists; Mary Blake, M'lle Clari, (Felicita) Ida Ross, Emma Ross, and Emma Marsh, as lady dancers. In the Ethiopian department are Add Weaver and Master Barney. Frank Pell, (lately left Dan Rice's Circus) has now opened his budget at this house. L. C. Brimmer, as a banjo soloist, is also a favorite. D. W. (Useful Dan) Collins is another handy man to have in the house. Bob Butler, the pantomimist, has lately brought out "Raoul, or The Magic Star," and sustained his favorite character of Coco, to Stage Manager White's Baron Tomaso, creating what promises to be "a long run" (not at billiards) among our Detroit friends. Then there is Alfred Stuart, on Irish comics and vocalism. Next, Professor Arbee (the Boneless Arab) and his son, who do up the gymnastico-acrobatico-juggleryo-magico. No wonder the resident officials, Uncle Sam's officers, and occasionally "two-thirds of the clergy" look in, and pronounce the Metropolitan Varieties a big thing.

Harrisburg, Pa., now has a Gayety Music Hall, and a gay place Bob Edwards seems likely to make of it. He has self, Dan Howard, Jake Budd, H. Kincaide, P. Kincaide, J. H. Vanhorn, and Tom Murray, with Miss Julia Edwards and Miss Kate Davenport. Bob seems likely to hold on, summer and winter, and is "shipping hands" for the interior of the Keystone State. See his advertisement.

Parties prospecting for any kind of first-class biz. in Baltimore, would find the Baltimore Museum conveniently available, as it is now vacant, and Albert Lea or John P. Smith, at the Melodeon, in that city, may be consulted on the subject. The location of the Museum is very central, and the house can be had for a night, week, or month. However, see the advertisement inserted by the proprietors.

"Pretty waiter girls" are to be blotted out of the concert saloons in Washington, D. C.

Long's Varieties, Philadelphia, is progressing very favorably with the following talent:—Adelaide Miller, Rosa Volante, Melinda Nagle, Mary Newton, Billy Holmes, J. C. Keene, Wm. Lesher, Hen Muckle, and Billy Chambers, the latter being manager.

Provost-Marshal Somebody—has "granted" three days for the proprietors of concert saloons in Washington to dismiss all their waiter girls. This illustrates the inconvenience and unprofitableness of a white skin, about these days.

CIRCUSES.

Our Canadian friends seem disposed to do the handsome thing by American circus companies generally, and we are very glad to observe that the venerable Samuel P. Stickney is so cordially received as he is on his travels there with L. B. Lent's Hippozoonomadon. This gay party is composed of Lent's Mammoth National Circus; S. P. Stickney's Great Western Circus; J. G. Shepard's Great Eastern Circus; G. C. Quick's Hippopotamus Company; and Sands, Nathans & Co's Four Performing Elephants, from Cooke's Amphitheatre, London. These organizations, combined, have a "long string," not merely of horses, educated mules, etc., but ladies and gentlemen, among whom is Samuel P. Stickney, who must be popular in New York or any where else. The principal clowns are William Kennedy, Garry De Mott, and L. N. Burke. Thomas King is the flying vaulter. William Ducrow the hurdle rider and slack-rope vaulter. Master Robert Stickney, a chip of the old block, is wonderful with his backward or forward somersaults. This week L. B. Lent's Show, with all those attractions, will visit Peterboro', 14th; Coburg, 15th; Port Hope, 16th; Bowmanville, 17th; Whitby, 18th; Markham, 19th. Next week the concern opens at Toronto for the first two days. In the language of the advertisement, we might say, "recollect the day and date."

Dick Watkins, comic vocalist, is now performing with Mrs. Watkins, at Military Hall, Library street, Philadelphia, and has left New York to reside at 415 Harmony street, in the former city. Dick has a brother-in-law, Master Hernandez, who is traveling with L. B. Lent's Hippozoonomadon, and many other friends who may be glad to know of his address, but could not hear of his removal except by this mode of professional communication.

An interesting account of how L. B. Lent's hippopotamus took a scriptural swim on the Sabbath, near Antwerp, N. Y., must "lie over" until next week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Miller, with Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Miller, are "areound in spots generally" in Michigan, with what are called "Yankee Miller's Parlor Dramas." The party also has Messrs. H. C. Adams, Lake, Williams, Sylvester, Williams, Henry, Johnson, and W. Chapel. They are able to fill a good cast for such pieces as "The Days of '76," "The Yankee's First Visit to New York," etc.

Mead's Eupatorian (whatever that may mean) Minstrels, did not appear at our Academy of Music yet, but they have been around Newport, Pawtucket, Providence, etc., in Rhode Island. S. B. Mead is proprietor; W. C. Buckley, leader; J. M. Warriner, manager; and C. E. Richardson, business agent.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Smith, with that little wonder Marian M. Smith, are giving parlor entertainments in Ohio. They opened at Crestline on the 14th, and proceed to Shelby, Mansfield, Wooster, Masillon, etc.

Alf Burnett is to fill an engagement in Boston, at the Aquarial Gardens, under the management of the immortal Phineas T.

Four German societies of Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, and Westfield, announce a "Mammoth Combination Concert" next week. "Swei lager!"

Bullard's Panorama of New York city opened at Washburn Hall, Worcester, Mass., on the 10th.

Boston seems to be in luck about these days, and we have a good mind to "get jealous," as the ladies and city rivals sometimes say. Duprez & Green's Minstrels wind up the present week at the Boston Museum; and, on the 21st, it will be occupied with Fox's (our Canterbury Fox) Ravel Troupe, and trick pantomimes, with charming ballets, for four weeks. There need be no doubt that Fox will do well in Boston, for he can sing "the fox jumped over the parson's gate," and knows how to cater well for the public. Besides his ballet troupe led by Mdlles. Marietta Zanfretta and Maria Zoe, he has such star performers as Messrs. A. M. Hernandez, Lehman, Ben Yates, James Pilgrim, A. Grosi, Velarde, F. Seagrist, A. Seagrist, Paul Ravel, W. Dulany, Deverni, and Paul Berger. Here are evident promises of a "White Knight" somewhere in such a party, and knights of all colors, and pleasant nights will undoubtedly come out of it. James Pilgrim now sets out on his pilgrimage with this party as its general business agent, in addition to performing among its brilliant professionals. That Mr. Pilgrim will be welcomed in Boston may be inferred from the fact that Boston never forgets its old friends. Let Boston look out for Fox's Ravel Troupe, and observe how amusing those light and pantomimic ballets are which have now become identified with the name and fame of the Ravels.

The Union Tableau and Concert Troupe, Messrs. W. M. Holland and Jas. P. Winters, managers and proprietors, were at Littleton, N. H., on the 8th inst., doing up "The Doom of Deville," on which occasion, Miss Kate M. Dunn, made her *debut* as Master Deville. The company next appeared at Lancaster, N. H., on the 9th. Business, said to be better than "middling." Mrs. Geo. Tyrrell and Mr. T. F. Kelley, are playing with this troupe.

The Hanlons have made a great hit in San Francisco. As we have before stated, they arrived out there on the 19th of May, in twenty-eight days from New York, and opened on the 27th of May, at the Metropolitan, to a densely crowded house. They have been playing on the off-nights of Bianchi's Opera Troupe, to immense business. Their engagement is said to be the greatest success ever achieved by any person upon the Pacific coast. William Hanlon's "Zampillaerostation" feat was extolled by the press and people, while George and Thomas, in their double parterre act, came in for a share of approbation. On the 13th of June, Wm. Hanlon's benefit took place, when the gross receipts reached the snug sum of $1371.50. It was not improbable that the Hanlons would complete their entire engagement with Mr. Maguire in San Francisco, in which case the party would take a run to Sacramento, Marysville, Stockton, etc., on their own hook. The Metropolitan Theatre, where the Hanlons were performing, is under the management of Messrs. Maguire & Torrence.

The Denier Brothers, John and Henri, were not far out in their "guess" that they should return to "the States" about the 1st of July. They have had a flattering and profitable tour in the West Indies, South America, etc., and returned at Portsmouth, N. H. On the Fourth of July, Mons. Denier gave one of his "mid-air rope performances" in Market Square, at Portsmouth. The space traversed was three hundred feet, and the rope a hundred feet above its supports. He repeated the experiment blindfolded, and holding a wheelbarrow so as to run on the rope, from the Market House to the steeple of the North Church. In the evening, Messrs. John and Henri gave a varied performance of gymnastics at the Temple, in Portsmouth.

D. Sheldon's La Petite Belle is up at Marysville, Cal., and around about there. He now has cosmoramic views, war panoramas, a little concertizing, etc. La Petite Belle remains as when last seen in New York, 41 inches high, and weighing 58 lbs.

C. B. Reynolds and party wound up last week with two days at Cuba, New York, and commence this week with two days at Olean. C. B. R. has had some new scenery painted by A. Russell, the panoramic artist. Two new performers, L. Gregory and J. Swink, have been added to the troupe. Little Lola is as lively and lovely as ever.

The Count (are we right?) Johannes (are we right?) seems likely to go into the law business as a profession, having undertaken (are we right?) to prosecute the claim of some poor man *vs.* the City of Boston, for some big amount of money. Are we right?

The profession visiting New Haven, Conn., will be happy to learn that the Common Council of that city have abolished the wholesale dead-headism prevalent there of late, and henceforth the city officials must pay to see the show as well as "any other man." As Domine Sampson hath it, "*Exultemus!*"

The Alleghanian Vocalists and Swiss Bellringers have concluded to hang up the bell and the clapper for a few weeks. It is true that they talk about a trip to Europe or Australia, or perhaps both. However, we shall see. Herr Stoepel, the inventor of "the wood and straw piano," is to join them in September.

The remains of the lamented Isabella Hinkley Susini arrived in Albany on the 6th, and were interred near that city. The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Hurder, Episcopal minister. The deceased had many friends in that city, and their sorrowing sadness told, alas! too truly, that they had lost a dear friend. The profession was well represented, and joined in the solemn obsequies.

The Tremaine Family of vocalists gave a concert in Troy, N. Y., on the 4th, to a crowded and appreciative audience. The company have gone to New York for a short vacation. Louise Bennett is with them......Father Reed's Old Folks troupe were engaged by the Young Men's Association of Albany, to give a concert in that city on the 4th of July. The house was fair. The company have since disbanded, and left for parts unknown. Mr. Drashko, their agent, is raising a company for the wars...... Kelly & Son's Parlor Opera "showed up" in East Hampton, Mass., on the 4th and 8th.

AMATEUR.

From Philadelphia "Jack Rover" writes as follows:—At a meeting of the "Wheatley Dramatic Association," July 5th, an election for officers was had with the following result:—President, John Burke; Vice-President, D. T. Kelley; Secretary, Chas. Comber; Treasurer, L. Vincent; Stage Manager, D. W. Farroe; Prompter, C. A. Lawson; Property Man, E. E. Hulfish, Jr. This club are having their little theatre fitted up in fine style for the next season......On account of the death (by drowning) of two of their members, the Trovatore have closed for the season...... The Boothenian gave a very good performance of "Katherine and Petruchio" on the evening of the 3d. They gave the "Rough Diamond" for an afterpiece, which came off very well, a lady being cast for the part of Cousin Joe. Miss Adkins should never attempt another male part until she has learned to walk in the garments of the sterner sex. Miss Ross as "Margery," had a good idea of the part, and played it in a very spirited manner.

THE AVONITES.—At a recent meeting of the Dramatic Association, the following officers were elected:—Harry Eames, President; C. H. Wheeler, Vice-President; G. Gordon, Secretary; C. Folwell, Stage Manager; R. Harris, Assistant Manager; J. C. Handy, Treasurer; and J. Scott, Property Man. The pieces selected for the next performance are the "Gun Maker of Moscow," "Dead Shot," and "Toodles."

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Howe's American Circus had four good days at Limerick the last week in June. John C. Heenan was, of course, the principal attraction.

£6000 have already been subscribed for the restoration of the Bath (Eng.) Theatre.

The American performing bull, Don Juan, is with an English Circus Company now traveling in Germany under Manager Hinne.

John Brougham had three lively weeks at the Prince of Wales, Liverpool, ending on the 28th June, and was succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. Wigan.

G. V. Brooke and Miss Avonia Jones commenced a joint engagement for two weeks at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on the 23d June.

Mrs. Hudson Kirby is engaged for the summer season at Cardiff, Wales.

Thalberg is using his ten fingers on the piano to some purpose at the Hanover Square Rooms, London. A guinea a pop for the public.

The W. P. Collins party of Christy's Minstrels were at Leicester (Eng.) on the 1st July.

The Handel Festival was a decided success this year in London. Four thousand voices filled the choral parts, and the instrumentalists were as numerous as the allotted space in the Crystal Palace would allow. Each day's performance increased in attraction and approval. Mdlle. Titiens bore off the soprano honors, and Madame Sainton-Dolby those of a contralto who could sing that scoring as originally written by Handel. Mme. Rudersdorff and the other ladies were in fine voice. Messrs. Sims Reeves, W. Weiss, and Signor Belletti, also fully maintained their high reputation, and this rich musical treat was enjoyed by thousands of delighted auditors from all parts of the world.

Gardiner Coyne is at the Queen's, Edinburgh, with his Irish dramas.

Dion Boucicault has been successful in his opening of Drury-Lane. "The Colleen Bawn" was the leading piece, and Boucicault the Myles-na-Coppaleen. Madame Celeste was the Mrs. Cregan. Miss Sara Stevens (our Broadway Sara) was the Eily O'Connor.

"Our American Cousin" has now been played at the Haymarket nearly 200 times, with Sothern's Dundreary.

Messrs. Unsworth, "Or Any Other Man," and Master Eugene continue among the most notable of the notabilities at the Oxford Music Hall, London.

Mrs. Shepherd, wife of the present lessee of the Royal Surrey, London, died in that city on the 22d June. Deceased was deservedly a great favorite at Astley's Amphitheatre in the days of Ducrow, and was then known as Mrs. Susan Pope. In January, 1837, she married Mr. Richard Shepherd, mentioned above. Our English advices do not allude to her age.

Mr. Howard, formerly with "the original" Christy Minstrels, is a great favorite at Weston's Music Hall, London, where he exhibits the silver belt presented him by the Christy Minstrels, and bearing the words "American Prize Jig Belt."

Louisa Pyne has been engaged by Manager Mapleson for Her Majesty's, London, and is now singing there in Italian operas with Signor Guiglini.

Dave Fisher has successfully started his eldest son, Henry, as a light comedian, and Walter as a low comedian, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester.

"Wide Awake" sends us the following, dated London, June 23: FRIEND FRANK:—London is literally choked with people; the theatres, notwithstanding, are poorly attended; the concert halls are, however, crowded. Patti at the opera continues to draw good houses. "The Colleen Bawn" excitement is again revived, and is between Drury Lane and the Adelphi. I do not know what the result will be with both these houses playing the same piece, but I think "The Colleen Bawn" is played out, and it will be a ruinous affair to both parties, as you are probably aware there has lately been a law suit between these rival managers. The Haymarket is flourishing, with Southern as Lord Dundreary. "The Peep O' Day" is also turning stale here.....The burnt cork business is creating a great excitement here at present, and the question is now, which is the original Christys? The rival companies of Christys have been playing in opposition to each other in the Channel Islands for these last two weeks, with disastrous results to both parties. While Wilson & Nish's company were playing in Jersey, Collins' company were in Guernsey, each posting the other as imposters. Wilson and Nish of the former company, have dissolved partnership. Twelve months ago a company was organized and ready to start for the English colonies, but owing to some pecuniary difficulties (a la Birch & Cotton's Australians) were unable to start at that time. This company now starts and will sail on July 5th, per royal mail steamer, for the English Colonies. The company consists of the following talent: A. Nish, musical director; Joe Brown, champion jig dancer and end man; T. Rainford, basso; J. H. Melvyn, tenor and violinist; C. Steele, violincello; C. Stewart, tenor; Wash. Norton, end man and wench dancer, &c., &c. These will be called "The Original Christys." At present we have three Christy parties playing here, and this company will make the fourth; besides, we have a company of female Christys. Now the question arises, which out of these companies are the husbands of the ladies in question, as they style themselves the wives of the original Christys? Collins' party of Christys perform at Southampton to-night. Wambold, the tenor singer, is not enjoying very good health at present. Mert Sexton and Basquin, of this company, after joining the teetotal society, broke it at Guernsey, drinking Curacoa, and gave a gratuitous entertainment at 3 o'clock in the morning, on the beach. Sexton was discovered doing the trapeze a la Leotard, while Basquin was singing his great French opera; boys, boys, be careful and leave off your budge. Wilson at present is in London recruiting the band, while they are performing to-night at Poole. G. W. Moore and old Tony Christian are still great favorites with Wilson's party. We understand he has engaged some of Rumsey & Newcomb's men in place of those who join Nish. Speaking of Rumsey & Newcomb, this company have been very unfortunate since their arrival in this country; they are now disbanded, and Rumsey, Newcomb, and little Bobby are playing at the Oxford, while Eugene, Unsworth and Duly are at the Canterbury, each playing against the other; the remainder of the company are doing nothing at present. One of the Christy parties, styling themselves Charley Christy's Minstrels, are upon their latter legs; they have been driven out of several towns as imposters. Mackney has recovered his health again, and is hard at work at Weston's, where W. H. Howard, late of the Christys, is dancing his silver belt jig, prior to his departure for America. T. Donaldson is playing at the Woolwich Gardens; Madigan is still doing his Uncle Sam at the Islington. There are three bands of African Minstrels now traveling through the Provinces. Harry Templeton's troupe are playing at Plymouth to good business; so this shows you how the cork excitement is flourishing at present; in this country there are over one thousand men who black up daily for halls, fairs, and the streets......Heenan is still the great card with Howe & Cushing's Circus; they are at present in Wales, and by the time this reaches you they will be in Ireland. Tom Sayers opens his circus near the International Exhibition. Jem Mace is getting up a circus, and starts out in a few days; so you see the pugilists, although not having sufficient work in one ring, turn their attention to another. Joe Goss wants to fight Joe Coburn; the latter, if he comes over here, can get plenty of customers. But whether he can win or not, that is the question, as we do not advise men to come over here to fight.

THE TURF.

TROTTING ON THE FASHION COURSE, L. I.—Two trots came off on the above-named track on Friday, 11th inst., which were by no means numerously attended, statements of the interested to the contrary notwithstanding. The first event was for a purse of $100, mile heats, best three in five to harness, for which there were three entries, viz., a black gelding Memnon named by D. Tallman, bay mare, Lady Sherman; and bay mare Belle Brundon. After an unwarrantable delay of an hour, Memnon and Lady Sherman "toed the scratch," Belle Brandon, as usual, being withdrawn at the last moment. Lady Sherman was the favorite at odds of four and five to one, in the pool betting, a species of gambling so recently brought into vogue. In the first heat, Memnon lead to the quarter-pole, passing it in 38 secs, and without a break kept ahead of the bay mare, who followed close upon his box to the half, which he made in 1 min. 17 secs. and passed the third quarter in 1 min. 57 secs, and finally secured the heat in 2:36. A second attempt was necessary to accomplish a start for the second heat, when Memnon again, contrary to expectation, secured the lead, and as before, led throughout, winning again in 2:36.

This state of things caused the betting to veer round in his favor, and things began to look a little dusty for the backers of Lady Sherman. For the third heat, a fair start was effected, the gelding gaining a slight advantage, but, although he finally won the heat and the race, he was pushed to faster time by the mare, who was forced to her topmost speed, the figures this time being 2:35. The result chagrined the many, and pleased the few who pocketed largely on this bit of equine jugglery. We append a summary:—

FRIDAY, JULY 11.—Purse $100, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

D Tallman entered br g Memnon	1	1	1
D Mace entered b m Lady Sherman	2	2	2

TIME.

Heats.	Quarter.	Half Mile.	Third Quarter.	Mile.
First	0:38	1:17	1:57	2:36
Second	0:39½	1;18	1:57½	2:36
Third	0:39½	1:17	1:55	2:35

THE SECOND RACE was a handicap, of which the following is the result and summary:—

FRIDAY, July 11.—Purse and stake $125, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness.

Mr McLaughlin named b g Lofty, to harness	1	1	1
Mr Whitson named s g General Halleck, 120 lbs wagon	3	2	2
Mr Oakley named blk g Honest Whit, 194 lbs wagon	2	3	3

TIME.

Heat.	Quarter Mile.	Half Mile.	Mile.
First	0:42	1:24	2:46½
Second	0:43	1:22½	2:46
Third	0:42½	1: 22½	2:46

After the above trot was concluded, Bonner, of clergy notoriety, got into the hands of "ye immaculate turfites," who came down heavily in the way of flattery on the speed of his "flyers," and he was induced to allow Dan Mace to tool Lantern around the track, with Ethan Allen as a running mate, to a 250 lbs wagon, when, according to the *three best watches in the city!*—a friend at our elbow suggests that they might have been the three fastest, and we don't know but that there is some truth in the suggestion—Lantern and Ethan made the half mile in 1 min. 7 sec., and the mile in 2 min. 20 sec., which is claimed to be the best time with neck weight on record. What with the clergy and turfites, Mr. Bonner will soon be enabled to watch and pray, if he be diligent.

TROTTING AT WORCESTER, MASS.—The patrons and lovers of the turf in Worcester and vicinity celebrated the 4th by a couple of trotting races on the Full Moon Trotting Park. Below we append a summary of the heats:—

Purse of $100, for double trotting teams, mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Geo R Wesson's br s and mate	0	1	1	1
R Poole's r g Rough and Ready and mate	0	2	2	2

Time—2:44; 2:56; 2:55; 2:52.

Purse of $100, mile heats, best 3 in 5 to harness.

R Poole's g g Tom Hyer	2	1	1	1
Wm Eager's w g Chalk Line	1	2	2	2

Time—2:38; 2:45; 2:44; 2:44.

CRICKET.

EAST WILLIAMSBURG VS SATELLITE.—The return match between these clubs was played on the 9th inst., resulting in a victory for the former, by nine wickets! We append the score:—

SATELLITE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Palin b Pink	0	run out	0
Till b Pink	1	b Pink	1
Hurring c Willshaw b Pink	2	not out	31
Fuller b Pink	0	b Pink	6
Walton b Pink	1	l b w b Saville	8
Wilson b Pink	0	b Tribeck	10
Bennett c J Hadfield b Pink	3	b Pink	0
Harris b Pink	2	c H Willshaw b Saville	2
Hobley not out	2	b Pink	0
Brown b Pink	1	b Tribeck	9
Mitchell c J Hadfield b Saville	2	b Saville	0
Byes	4	Byes 7, wides 7	14
Total	18	Total	81

EAST WILLIAMSBURG—First Innings.

J Hill c Hobley b Walton	8	Dumper c Mitchell b Hurring	17
Saville c Walton b Hurring	1	Tribeck b Hurring	0
Pink c Hurring b Palin	27	Ward c Palin b Hurring	0
J Hadfield b Hurring	1	J Wright not out	0
H Willshaw c Walton b Hurring	16	Byes 3, leg bye 1	4
H Hadfield c Hobley b Palin	3	Total	91
W Wright b Walton	14		

In their second innings East Williamsburg scored, Saville (not out) 4, J. Wright (b Hurring) 1, J. Hadfield (not out) 0, bye 1, leg bye 1. Total 7. If the score sent us is correct, as above, the Williamsburgh men needed two more runs to win.

CRICKET IN CINCINNATI.—Up to the present time this season, we have heard but little from Porkopolis on the subject of cricket, and began to fear that the war and other causes had wiped it off the score-book, but the following communication from the veteran cricketer, Wm. Milton Bradshaw, under date of July 5, puts a more favorable aspect on the condition of things there. Read it:—"It gives me pleasure to be able to inform you that we are reviving cricket in good earnest, finding, as we now do, that cricket balls are much more agreable than cannon balls in contention and strife, and not so costly. We had a very interesting and closely contested game on the 4th of July, which was witnessed by a large concourse of delighted spectators, crinoline being more fully represented than on any former occasion. It terminated in favor of the side I had the honor of leading. The playing throughout was first class, and exceeded expectation, this being the first full field day we have had this season. Our ground is in fine order, and is awaiting a visit from some of our former antagonists, and I am authorized to say here, that as our Western antagonists may have been more unfortunate, or fortunate, as the case may be, in losing some of their members who have preferred cannon balls to cricket balls, we propose to play a match, eleven of "Cincinnati vs. eleven from Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis combined," to be played at Cincinnati, where we will promise them a cricketer's reception. Address Wm. H. Coolidge, President of the U. C. C., Cincinnati. The following is the score of the game played:—

BRADSHAW'S SIDE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
L Packham c H Harvey b Coolidge	7	run out	5
S Harvey b Crooks	4	c Harvey b Brooks	6
G Ellard c Booth b Crooks	10	run out	19
T Wheeldon c H Harvey b Crooks	9	run out	17
W M Bradshaw b Crooks	0	not out	24
W De Beck run out	5	b Crooks	0
J Whitehouse b Crooks	0	st Coolidge	1
Jones c Lewis b Crooks	1	c Byron b Coolidge	2
F Harvey b Crooks	0	b Coolidge	3
Pliff st Crooks	0	run out	0
Pickles not out	6	b Coolidge	1
Byes 4, wides 2	6	Byes 3, wides 2, no ball 1	6
Total	48	Total	84

COOLIDGE'S SIDE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
W Coolidge c and b Bradshaw	15	c S Harvey b Wheeldon	0
J Byron b Wheeldon	0	c Hogden b Bradshaw	2
W Crooks b S Harvey	1	b Bradshaw	26
G Lewis b Wheeldon	2	b Wheeldon	0
J Cassidy b Wheeldon	2	b Wheeldon	5
H Harvey b G Ellard	0	not out	0
Hand b Wheeldon	11	b Wheeldon	1
W Booth b S Harvey	2	b Bradshaw	11
J Ellard b Bradshaw	7	st Wheeldon b Bradshaw	0
J Hogden c Bradshaw b Wheeldon	8	b Wheeldon	0
E Harvey not out	0	b Wheeldon	0
Byes 9, leg byes 4, wides 4	17	Byes 3, leg bye I, wide 1	5
Total	65	Total	58

MASSACHUSETTS CRICKETER'S CONVENTION.—The various cricket clubs of Massachusetts are requested to send delegates, not exceeding five from any one club, to meet in Convention at the Broomfield House, Boston, at 12, M., on Wednesday, July 23d. The object of the Convention is to make arrangements for the match between the State and the New York club—to be played in Boston. S. FRANK CROCKETT, Pres. last Convention,
Boston, July 11, 1862.

PEW TALK FOR SUNDAY.

THAT tall young fellow's here to-day!
I wonder what's his name?
His eyes are fix'd upon our pew—
Do look at Sally Dame.

Who's that young lady dressed in green?
It can't be Mrs. Leach;
There's Mr. Jones with Deacon Giles!
I wonder if he'll preach?

Lend me your fan—it is so warm—
We both will sit in prayers;
Mourning becomes the Widow Amos—
How Mary's bonnet flares.

Do look at Nancy Sloper's veil,
It's full a breadth too wide;
I wonder if Susannah Ayres
Appears to-day as bride?

Lord! what a voice Jane Rice has got!
Oh, how that organ roars!
I'm glad we've left the singer's seat;
How hard Miss Johnson snores!

What ugly shawls are those in front?
Did you observe Ann Wild?
Her new straw bonnet's trimmed with black,
I guess she's lost a child.

I'm half asleep; that Mr. Jones!
His sermons are so long;
This afternoon we'll stay at home,
And practice that new song.

IN SEARCH OF A WAR HORSE.

SAD EXPERIENCE OF A NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, who has been following the army of the West, gives us an amusing account of his experience in equine locomotives. Here it is:—

"Speaking of horses reminds me of some experience I have had in that line during my pilgrimage with the army as a journalist. It is a matter of some importance that every correspondent should have some kind of a riding animal at his command, otherwise he will find himself deficient on emergencies when haste is essential. My first idea of the proper thing was a gallant charger, gaily caparisoned, prancing high and low when crowds were about, and always holding himself in readiness for a public exhibition. That is the officer style of doing the thing. I found that the thing was difficult to procure, and expensive to keep, having no soldiers at my command to guard a fine horse night and day, to prevent his being "cramped" and carried off. Before I had done with experience in this line, I was contented with more modest pretensions.

During a period of four months, I have been owner and sole proprietor of five horses. The first of these was a relic of the Donelson fight. He came from somewhere in the mountains of Tennesee, and, from a habit of climbing rocks and holding on by his nose, he was much addicted to standing on his hind legs, without regard to who might be in the saddle. This was a favorite feeding position, and grass being scarce at that time, and hay and oats scarcer, he was accustomed to take his meals in the tops of small trees, where his cultivated taste taught him to find tender twigs and juicy buds. This nutritious food gave him a frame like a clothes-horse, and his legs were as fat as a rye straw. His back-bone split a new saddle in two, and cut a hair-cloth blanket into shreds. I could have got along with this, but he constantly brought me to shame and disgrace by going on his hind legs for browse on state occasions, to say nothing of a propensity for climbing every steep cliff he came to, and sliding me over his tail in the operation. He was a good horse to go bird nesting with, or, in case of emergency, to run up the side of a house and get out of danger, but he was so far from my idea of a perfect horse that I sold him for $30, as Floyd's veritable war-charger, to a trophy-seeker who wore blue spectacles and carried a portfolio. As I saw him afterward, in company with five others as poor as himself, dragging an army wagon, I concluded that the purchaser was not sufficiently vigilant to elude Uncle Sam's watchfulness and get him home. My last glimpse of him was as he stood upon his hind legs, with his fore feet on a rail fence, apparently reaching for browse in the moon.

My next attempt was in the mule line. A friend in the Quartermaster's Department insisted upon presenting me with a superb riding animal which had come into his possession—he didn't say how, but suppositively by the cramp process. The beast had a prepossessing exterior. Ears as long as my arm, a head like a butter firkin, pipe-stem neck, body as comely as a sugar hogshead, and legs not to exceed eighteen inches in length. With this inviting exterior, he had a disposition still more *outre* and perverse if possible. The first time I mounted him, he kicked up his heels and landed me over his head, some twenty feet in advance. The next time, he sat down on his haunches, and slid saddle and all over his tail. Then he laid down, and rolled over and over, faster than a Bengal monkey could have followed him, and, finally, he resorted to every trick an animal could be guilty of, to show his perverse temper. He had a way of making a great fuss when the saddle girth was buckled—putting on a deplorable countenance, and groaning dismally, as though his life was being squeezed out. You might pull and tug for ten minutes, straining the girth up the last notch, and fairly tiring yourself out with exertion, when, upon stepping back with a malicious consciousness of having brought the ugly brute to terms, you would see his body collapse, and the girth hang suddenly limp and loose, while he looked askance with a cunning leer, as much as to say, "How do you like that, now?" He never failed to inflate himself like a balloon when the saddle was to be put on, and then collapse for the satisfaction of having it turn round and unseat his rider at the first mudhole he came to. I rode him for the spite of the thing for two long weeks. I got a pair of spurs with rowels an inch and a half long, and flayed his sides with them whenever he ventured to flap his ugly ears at me, and I finally had the satisfaction of seeing him tumble down a bluff a hundred feet high, and break his neck.

Having had enough of vicious horses, I determined to try a quiet one next time. I accordingly invested in a demure specimen of the pony breed. He proved all I could ask for, for from that time onward, during my term of ownership, I did no hard work except to urge him to a due sense of his duty as a horse, and more especially as a journalistic horse. The arguments used in this controversy were clubs of the largest possible size, sharp-pointed sticks, spurs at the rate of several a day, building fires under his tail, and, on occasions of emergency, felling good sized trees upon him as a starting impetus. He was patient under these afflictions, and never suffered anything to disturb his equanimity except the last two alternatives, which were always reserved for an impending battle or a sudden movement to the rear. He was the best horse in the world to lead an army with, for he was sure to be behind and out of danger, but the very worst for a retreat, for obvious reasons. I was finally obliged to succumb to his pertinacity from a scarcity of timber and spurs, the soldiers having used the former for fuel, and his rider having demolished all of the latter that were available in ten regiments. I sold him to an army chaplain who was too much reduced by bad whiskey and the Tennessee quickstep to exert much physical force, and he was taken prisoner while going at a mad gallop of fourteen miles in fifteen hours, with several thousand howling Texan rangers in the rear.

I then determined to live upon my wits, so far as horseflesh was concerned. So I found myself sometimes in possession of a borrowed animal, sometimes riding a mule, sometimes bestriding a picked-up horse from the woods, and not unfrequently disgracing myself and my profession by resorting to the corral of rejected and broken down government horses. Sometimes I had a saddle and no horse; other times I had a horse and no saddle; again I had both, and no bridle; and, as a consequence, during the majority of the time I wandered about disconsolately, carrying a saddle and bridle, and looking for a horse, or leading a horse and searching wrathfully for a saddle and bridle.

Of my next attempt at ownership I can say but little. I had reason to believe him all my fancy pictured him. He had unlimited style and action, enlarged capacity for getting over the ground, and a general prepossessing demeanor; but the next morning after I became his owner, the picket rope was found cut, and the horse gone, while to the stake was attached a paper, containing an original drawing of a school-boy horse on the high prance, mounted by a man composed of two roundities for head and body, and four straight lines for legs and arms. Underneath was the pithy announcement—"Off for Dixey." The picture was remarkable for the expression of the countenance, where the artist had forgotten to insert the usual organs of vision and taste, and for the three erect hairs which composed the tail of the horse. It was also remarkable for the effect produced on my mind, on finding it in place of my valuable horse. By a singular coincidence, a Secesh deserter, who had been pressed into the rebel service, hung several times, and periodically starved to death, and who brought information that the rebels were greatly disaffected, and had nothing but corn bread and molasses to eat, disappeared, and never was heard of afterward. It was insinuated that he was a spy, but I believe Gen. Halleck does not allow spies within his lines—at least that was why he turned the newspaper correspondents out. I lost forty dollars by that operation.

I now rejoice in the possession of a *chef d'œuvre* of horse flesh. I paid $10 for him—saddle, bridle and all—and I feel safe in saying that Uncle Sam hasn't money enough to buy him. He left the Texan Ranger Association on the occasion of the late battle, in consequence of his rider having met a cannon ball and stopped to cultivate its acquaintance, while he went on in pursuance of previous orders, and never paused till he had gone clean through our ranks, and found a mule in the rear, which he proceeded to masticate with all possible speed. He brought along several specimens of his master in the saddle-bags and holsters, which he seemed to regard with sanguinary affection; and, being inspired with a sight of the remains, he immediately went on the rampage among the quadrupeds in the vicinity, and put them all *hors du combat* with his teeth and heels. He was captured and bestridden by an ambitious warrior, who was immediately carried into the midst of an artillery fire, which singed the hair off his head with fright, but, being finally toned down by the application of several lariat ropes and a rail fence all round his feeding place, he lost the battle fever and became a sensible horse, barring a desire to do mischief and fight mules. He never loses an opportunity to go the wrong road, to bolt fiercely and unexpectedly in the direction of the enemy's pickets, to run over general officers and their staffs, to kick up his heels despitefully at military persons of great airs and dignity, and above all, to indulge in the delight of his heart—thrashing a mule. With these and numerous other qualifications, he has endeared himself to my heart, and money cannot buy him.

With a change of scene it is fit to bring about a change of names. In memory of that historic spot where for months I have burned the midnight oil, and eaten hard bread and bacon, I subscribe myself SHILOH.

A RUSSIAN PRIEST AT CARDS.

ON leaving the church, I happened to fall in beside Sanderson, and as we proceeded to the count's residence, I asked him what he knew of the morals of these Russian priests. "Is card playing a very common thing with them?"

"Common! Why, all Russia is ready to play cards morning, noon, and night. But these long-haired, long-bearded, broad-brims of lazy priests are, of all such gamblers, the most incessant. I will tell you an instance of my own knowledge."

You saw that fat, tall priest, with the large brown beard, who sprinkled the holy water on the brains. Well, he is the head pope of this church, and lives beside it; in fact, there is a covered passage leading from his house direct. One evening, before a saint's day, I was on a visit to Mr. Pins, who lives in that wooden house beside yon cotton mill in the hollow, and we were enjoying ourselves as we best could, when a message came from the priest to ask us all to supper. He had a few friends with him, and would be glad to see us. As nothing of this kind is to be refused, we went—I, and Pins, and his wife and daughter. The priest's friends were two beardies like himself, who were to assist next day in church; his wife, also, of course, was there. Supper over, cards were introduced, and down sat Pins and the three holy men to the game, while I was left to entertain the ladies as well as I could. The four gamblers gradually forgot everything else in the room, the head priest being the most intent of the four. The game went on. Now Pins swept the table of roubles, and anon one or the other of the priests—the head man evidently losing fast, and Pins winning.

Tempers got lost, and scarcely civil words were exchanged amongst the party. I could see Pins' red face, glowing like a nor'west moon, under the flush of excitement and brandy. As we had supped late, Sunday morning was on us before I was aware. Two o'clock struck, and Mrs. Pins and I jumped to our feet. Two o'clock on a Sunday morning, in a minister's house, playing cards, the gamblers, priests of the Holy Greek Church! It was against the conscience of a Scot to assist at such outgoings—not that I am strait laced to an hour or two, considering the difference of clocks. I therefore energetically backed Mrs. Pins, who was requesting her husband to go home. Pins rose, but reluctantly, as it seemed to me, and was about to accompany us. The priests had no mind to let him off so easily. He and his partner had won two hundred roubles, and it was clearly against all rules to run away so soon. The others must have their revenge—it was only two o'clock. So he sat down again, saying, "Go, my dear, with Mr. Sanderson. I'll play the old fellows till daylight, if they like. It shall never be said that I shirked off because my pocket was full of other people's money."

As our host politely showed us to the door, he said to me:—"Do you attend the church at eight?"

"Yes, it is my intention; but I don't think you will be there in a fit state, if you play much longer. It is a shame."

"No fear," he said; "but your friend has won much money, and I must have my turn. It is nothing."

At seven o'clock I was awoke by my servant, with information that his master had not returned, and that madame desired me to walk to the priest's house, and see how matters stood. I dressed hastily and went to the parsonage, rectory, or what shall I call it? As I passed the church I saw that it was in course of preparation for the morning performances; but my business was not with the church, it was with the priests. Just as I reached the door, a clerk (deccock) was entering. He was a dirty, yellow, sickly fellow, with a flavor of stale tobacco.

"Where is the pope, Vassillia?" I said.

"Yonder," pointing to the room I had sé lately left.

"Playing still? It is too bad."

"To be sure; it is nothing. I have known master play two days and nights at a stretch. But it is now time for service, and I must tell him."

I pushed past him into the room. It was Sabbath morn, half an hour before service, and the men who were to officiate sat round a table with flushed faces, eager looks, dishevelled hair, and ruffled attire. Candles were burnt down in their sockets, daylight streamed in through the shutterless windows. The brandy and wine bottles were empty. A great jug of "ghuass" was on a side table, old cards littered the painted floor, and the atmosphere was reeking with the fumes of the "paperose;" for smoking was still going on. I saw at a glance that the tide of luck had left Pins. The priest was buoyant; he was flat.

"They are winning it back," he said to me as I entered; "I have had three hundred, now I have but fifty."

"Ay," said the tall priest; "and this game will get that back also. It is for fifty, is it not?"

Then the clerk entered, and advanced with as little show of concern as if the exhibition was a fit and usual preparation to the church rites, and after reverentially crossing himself, intimated to the priest in chief, that, in half an hour, it would be his time to go on to commence the services.

"Very good, Vassillia, my son. Don't disturb me now, but listen; come back exactly three minutes before eight."

"I hear and obey," said Vassillia, and vanished.

I cannot say these men were drunk; on the contrary, they seemed more sober than they had been when I left them at two o'clock; but the demon of play held them in his grip; they were as fresh for it, and as absorbed as if they had only played two or three hours. My remonstrances and expostulations were thrown away, and in indignant curiosity I sat down to watch the end.

The priest and his partner lost. Pins and his partner won another fifty. The next game was to be double or quits, the deal made with a fresh pack! and, as I sat in full view of the tall priest, I could see his face brighten up, and a look of intelligence pass between him and his partner. At this moment the decchock again entered. "Three minutes to eight o'clock."

All but the tall priest threw their cards on the table and rose, saying, "A fresh deal after service."

"No, no," he said; "keep your hand, partner, I shall keep mine; it is a good one, and we shall play the game after our return; here, Vassillia, give me a towel, wet; that will do. Now my robes—there—that comb, and now every one to your posts. I shall be there presently." Thus saying, he proceeded with a firm step to the church by a private entrance already mentioned. As he left the room, I saw him place his good hand of cards within his sacred robes, under the inside fastening. He was evidently determined not to lose sight of his trumps, and carried them off on his person into the church. I ran round to the front entrance, and was just in time to witness the commencement of service. It is a wonder judgment did not fall on the chief priest. And it did, in a way. At one part of the service, just as he was stepping on the platform, he put his hand inside his robe to pull out his handkerchief, and, as he drew it out, the cards came also unbidden, and fell over the altar floor. This would have paralysed any ordinary man; but that priest never winced for a moment. He looked coolly at the cards, then steadily at the people, as much as to say, "You all see that; take notice of it. I shall tell you about that by and by." He then continued the services. At the close, he pointed to the cards—then beckoned a little peasant boy, with a shock head of white flaxen hair, dressed in a shirt of coarse linen and trowsers to match, not very clean, who had been crossing and bending beside a poor peasant woman, his mother:—

"Come here, boy!" The boy went. Turning to the congregation, he said:—"I shall give you a lesson you will not forget for some time. You see these cards lying on the floor. Do you think I put them there for nothing? We shall see! What is your name, my boy?"

"Peter Petrovitch."

"Well, Peter Petrovitch, go and pick up one of those cards you see on the floor, and bring it to me. There, that will do. Now tell me, Peter Petrovitch, what card is this?"

"The ace of spades!" said the boy, with ready knowledge.

"Very good, Peter Petrovitch—bring me another, there's a good boy. What card is that?"

"The queen of spades," said Peter.

"How well you know them, Peter Petrovitch; bring another. And what may that one be?"

"The ten of hearts."

"That will do, Peter, the son of Peter. Now turn round and look at this picture. Can you tell me what saint it represents?"

The boy scratched his head, then shrugged his little shoulders, lifting them up to his ears, then scratched his head again, and said:—"Ya naes nigh." (I don't know.)

"Now look at this one. Who is this?"

The same answer.

"And this?"

"I cannot tell."

"That will do, Peter, the son of Peter. You may go to your mother."

"Do you know now for what purpose I put these cards on the floor? Do you not think shame of yourselves, tell me; say, is it not disgraceful and scandalous, that that nice white-haired boy can tell me in a moment the name of every card in the pack, and yet he does not know the name of one of the blessed saints? Oh! shame, shame on ye, so to bring up the young, after all the good teaching I have given ye! Go away and learn the lesson I have given you this blessed day. Don't forget it, and don't force me to bring cards into this holy place again. Vassillia, pick the other cards up, and keep them for me."

So, with solemn step, he left the church to play out his interrupted game for a hundred roubles.

EARS OF THE HORSE.—It is a good sign for a horse to carry one ear forward and the other backward when on a journey, because this stretching of the ears in contrary directions, shows that he is attentive to everything that is taking place around him; and while he is going he cannot be much fatigued, or likely soon to become so. Few horses sleep without pointing their ears as above, that they may receive notice of the approach of objects in every direction. "When horses or mules," says Dr. Arnott, "march in company at night, those in the front direct their ears forward, those in the rear direct them back, those in the center turn laterally or across; the whole troop seeming thus to be actuated by one feeling, which watches the general safety!"

To keep yourself from being dry—Stand out in the rain.

THE LADY GODIVA PROCESSION

AT COVENTRY.

Our readers will remember that in one of his early letters from England, our correspondent, Edwin James, gave some interesting particulars in reference to this procession, and as it is renewed again, the following particulars will be read with pleasure:—

"After being omitted for eleven years, the Lady Godiva's ride through Coventry was celebrated on Monday, June 23, and the immense influx of visitors fully proved that, in a pecuniary point of view, the result will be highly advantageous to at least one portion of the inhabitants. The effect produced as the procession marched along the old-fashioned streets of the city was extremely quaint and picturesque. First came two heralds, dressed in strangely-shaped coats, richly embroidered with armorial devices, being those worn by the heralds who officially proclaimed the peace at the termination of the Russian war. Next followed the great elephant from Wombwell's menagerie, with huge housings hanging down his side and a castle on his back, painted half red and half green, a representative of the city arms, with the exception of the cat-a-mounting on the top of the castle, which for some cause was omitted. Then came Wombwell's band, in a carriage drawn by four camels. After the band, fourteen city guards, clad in the old iron armour which, except on state occasions, has hung in front of the minstrel gallery in St. Mary's Hall since the time of the Commonwealth. A couple of banners came next, and then St. George, armed *cap-a-pie* in a brilliant suit of white armor, which had the appearance of silver, a helmet, with a crest of large white feathers, and a spear in his hand. It seems the citizens of Coventry look upon the national patron saint as their peculiar property, since, according to local legend, he was born in the city, and in King Edward IV.'s time the feast of St. George was kept in Coventry with regal magnificence. After St. George came an attendant in the costume of a Knight Templar—magnificently dressed in a suit hired from Mr. Simmons. Then followed representations of the old city guilds, with steamers illustrative of the trades to which they belonged, and beautiful little children dressed in rich silk or satin dresses, in blue, crimson, and gold, and riding upon gaily-caparisoned horses, led by men with sashes, cockades, and rosettes of ribbons; first, the Drapers' Company, then the Cappers, and after them the Worsted Weavers' Company. The Warwickshire Yeomanry Band in uniform, followed next, and then the members of the Coventry Volunteer Fire Brigade (about sixty in number, in their full uniforms). Then came the engine of the brigade, decorated with green boughs and flags, and drawn by four horses, after which followed the members on horseback. After the fire brigade came the members of the Godiva Lodge of the Ancient order of Foresters, in the costume usually worn by members on gala days, and which, by the way, was a source of considerable interest and amusement, more especially to the juvenile portion of the spectators. There was Robin Hood, Will Scarlet, Maid Marion, Friar Tuck, and Little John, each properly attended. After them a boy came leading a fawn; then eight foresters in Lincoln green, with bows and arrows, dogs, and the other et ceteras usually considered requisite to a properly equipped forester; then six banners, after which came the Chief Ranger and the Committee of the Lodge in a chaise, decorated with green boughs, ribbons, and streamers. Other banners and streamers followed, and then the ordinary members of the Lodge, about 150 in number. After the Foresters came Edward, the Black Prince, in an ancient suit of black armor, and Prince of Wales plume upon his helmet, attended by pages in the costumes of the period and followed by banners. The Black Prince is looked upon as a special local worthy, on account of the lordship of Coventry, or manor of Cheylesmere, having been conferred upon him by his father, and, in addition to conferring other marks of princely favor upon the citizens, it is considered that the prince was instrumental in the introduction of the art of weaving cloth in the city, an art which was brought to Coventry from Flanders during Edward's time. Next followed a band of music, the performers being the scholars belonging to a local charity school. After them came the members of four lodges of the London Order of Odd Fellows, with streamers and on horseback. After more heralds came the great feature of the procession, namely, Lady Godiva, represented by Madame Letitia, of the Royal Academy, Trafalgar-square. The lady wore silk fleshings, with a white satin petticoat, fastened at the hips and reaching to the knees, the petticoat being profusely embroidered with silver lace. On her head was a countess's coronet, set with brilliants, from which flowed a long white gossamer lace veil, enveloping the whole of her person except the face and bosom; her hair was loose, and fell in large masses over her shoulders; on her bosom she wore a large star brooch, composed of brilliants. She rode a milk-white charger, adorned with dark blue velvet trappings, ornamented with gold and brilliants, as was also the housing, on the four corners of which were stars formed of the same luminous material. On each side of the lady rode a very handsome boy, habited as a page, and two little girls in light blue satin dresses, and hats with white plumes. After the lady came other children followers; then Leofric, Earl of Mercia (the husband of Lady Godiva), banner, page, and followers; Richard the Second, King Herry the Fourth, Henry the sixth, and Queen Margaret, a capital impersonation of bluff King Hal, Queen Elizabeth, Sir John Falstaff (all of whom are more or less connected with the historical associations of the city), each being accompanied by pages and followers, preceded by banners, and interspersed by bands of music. After all these came a large portable platform, drawn by four horses, and decorated with green branches, ribbons, and flags. In the centre was a globe, about six feet in diameter, representing the World, and at each corner of the platform stood a child, in appropriate dress and accessories, to represent one of the Seasons. Then followed William and Adam Bottener, Mayors of Coventry, who built the tower of St. Michael's Church; Sir Thomas White, a merchant of the time of Henry the Eighth, remembered in Coventry from his large charitable bequests, now amounting to between £20,000 and £30,000, left to the poor burgesses and young freemen of Coventry; Mr. John Hales, a merchant of the time of Edward the Sixth, founder of the Coventry Grammar School; and Sir William Dugdale, the historian of Warwickshire. These were also accompanied by bands of music, banners, followers, and attendants. Last came another large movable platform, drawn by four horses. One portion was made into a sylvan bower, with green branches and flowers. In the bower were a boy and girl, dressed to imitate an ancient shepherd and shepherdess, duly furnished with pipe and crook. In the front of them was a turf lawn, in the middle of which was a miniature fountain, and upon another part of the lawn were a lamb and dog.

Some idea of the appearance of the procession may be gathered from the fact that it reached nearly a mile and a quarter in length, and comprised about 300 men, 70 children, and upwards of 150 horses; and the bulk of the dresses necessary for the kings and queen who figured in the procession being hired, the procession Committee expended nearly £300 on the outfit and other necessary expense required to ensure success. The dresses of the followers were all made in Coventry, and all were very rich and in good taste. It would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of the crowded state of the streets. Every housetop and window in the line of the procession were thronged with spectators. The procession started soon after noon, and was not broken up until nearly five o'clock."

SMOKE AS A BEVERAGE.—The method of smoking sanctioned by fashion (in olden times) was to inhale the smoke through the mouth, passing it out through the passages of the nose, by which the intoxicating qualities of the tobacco were more brought out than in the modern manner of exhaling the vapor from the lips. The smoke was thus brought in contact with the delicate membranes of the throat and brain. To this method of stimulating was applied the term tobacco drinking, common in the technology of that time. The Cuban, Mexican and South American at this day, drink smoke from their cigarettes as our ancestors did from their pipes; every whiff of the deliciously scented and not strong tobacco being drawn into the throat as far as the divergence of the bronchial tubes, where it is retained a short time before it is exhaled either through the mouth or nose. The accomplished inhaler will draw a copious breath from his cigar, calmly drink a glass of water, and then puff out the unlooked for clouds with an air of necromantic unconcern. The cigarette, being light and brief, if not too frequently repeated, can be smoked innocently in this way, but the young man who indulges in cigars thus respired is following a very dangerous business. A choice Havana burned as it were inside the bronchia, gives a feeling not unlike the enchantment of opium, and quite as destuctive to life and health.

A SHE WOLF.—A woman known as the "She Wolf" has been the terror of Galicia and the neighboring provinces for the last twenty years. Always on horseback, and followed by a small number of bandits, she was at the head of all the robberies and murders committed in that part of Spain. Woe to the travellers and muleteers who crossed her path! Any attempt at resistance was sure to be punished by death, which was often accompanied by the most atrocious tortures. Josepha Perez, as the woman was named, committed the most revolting acts of ferocity on her victims. Often she has had to defend herself against armed forces, and the advantage has always been on her side until now, when the Mayor of San Jacobo de Compostello, who was in search of a criminal, discovered the cave which served as a place of concealment to the "She Wolf," and in which she was arrested with one of her accomplices.

GARIBALDI AND THE CREMONA GYMNASIUM.—Garibaldi has just received at Cremona a very singular compliment. He addressed a letter to the youth of the city, urging them to abstain from vice and to love and seek education. The concluding words of this address, the scholastic authoities of Cremona have decreed, should be written in letters of gold on the threshold of their gymnasium. They read as follows: "Had Italy been better instructed, she would long before this have known that her boundary was not the wall of a town or the hedge of a garden, but the high Alps and the broad sea. She would have swept from her all that defiles her."

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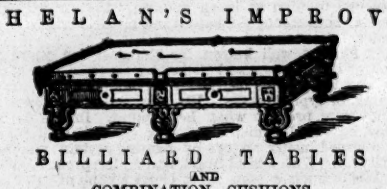

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